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CONTENTS.

LEADING ARTICLES:—

The Literary World: its Sayings and Doings..... 503

ENGLISH LITERATURE:—

Biography:—

Campbell's Lives of the Chief Justices of England 504

History:—

Webb's Annotations on Dr. D'Aubigné's Sketch of the Early British Church..... 506

Philosophy:—

Cairnes's Character and Logical Method of Political Economy..... 507

Religion:—

New Publications 507

Education:—

The First and Second Quarterly Reports of the Society for Promoting National Education..... 508

Selig's German made Easy..... 509

Schmidt's Grammatical and Practical Guide to the German Language..... 509

Keenan's Model Schools..... 509

Notices of Small Books..... 509

Voyages and Travels:—

Livingstone's Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa..... 509

Rice's Tiger-Shooting in India..... 511

Kidder and Fletcher's Brazil and the Brazilians..... 511

Ranken's Six Months at Sebastopol; being Selections from the Journal and Correspondence of the late Major George Ranken, Royal Engineers..... 511

Fiction:—

Mauvever's Divorce: a Story of Woman's Wrongs. By the Author of "Whitewashed"..... 512

The Lady of Glynne. By the Author of "Margaret and her Bridesmaids"..... 512

Violets and Jonquills..... 514

Notices of Small Books..... 514

Poetry and the Drama:—

The Cruel Sister: a Tragedy, and other Poems..... 514

Ugo Bassi: a Tale of the Italian Revolution. By Speranza..... 514

Oran, and other Poems. By A. T. M'Lean..... 514

The Cemetery. By E. M. Reverley..... 514

The Revolt of Hindostan. By Ernest Jones..... 514

Dingle's Healthful Musings for Evening Hours..... 514

Uriel, and other Poems..... 514

The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village. By Thomas Aldrich..... 516

Periodicals and Serials..... 516

FOREIGN LITERATURE, &c.:—

The Critic Abroad..... 516

France:—

Corne's Le Cardinal de Richelieu..... 516

Germany:—

Richi's Tales Illustrative of Social History..... 519

Italy:—

From our own Correspondent..... 520

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.:—

Science and Inventions:—

The Fortnight..... 520

Art and Artists:—

Talk of the Studios..... 521

Music and Musicians:—

New Music..... 521

Musical and Dramatic Chat..... 521

Literary News..... 521

Drama, Public Amusements, &c..... 521

Obituary..... 522

Books Recently Published..... 522

Advertisements..... 501, 502, 523, 525, 524

ANY'S
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..... 514

..... 514

By 514

..... 516

..... 518

..... 519

..... 520

..... 520

..... 521

..... 521

..... 521

..... 522

..... 522

..... 523

..... 524

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The concluding portion of the "Memoir of the Royal Academy" is partly in type, but its issue has been unavoidably deferred until the next number.

THE CRITIC,
London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD:
ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

WHAT History we have made since we last appeared before our readers the telegrams and gazettes can best tell. It will be perceived that the word "telegram" is definitively accepted by the public, the great Mr. SHILLETO and Dr. DONALDSON notwithstanding. These pundits have drawn in their learned horns and their unpronounceable "telegrapheme," and Mr. WALFORD and the utilitarians ride triumphantly over the philological field. The question was not one which could long occupy the public attention, and has been fairly swept away by the storm of Delhi, the retaking of Cawnpore, and the gallant deed of arms (as to the final result of which we are still unfortunately in suspense) at Lucknow. Come what may, however, the name of HAVELOCK must henceforth stand beside those of CLIVE, WELLESLEY, and GORDON,—it is a name to be written in letters of gold upon the brightest page of our Indian history.

We never gave M. JULLIEN credit for much taste; we abominate his music, and do not frequent his promenade concerts; still we have always given him credit for being a good-tempered, harmless little man enough. If, however, the reporters have not maligned him most grossly, we must henceforth set him down as having been guilty of one of the most glaring and offensive pieces of bad taste that we ever remember to have heard of. The honoured name of HAVELOCK reminds us of the circumstance. It appears that M. JULLIEN, who never omits an opportunity for giving a popular name to an *olla podrida* of dance music,—who would set the Cholera to a quadrille, and will probably receive the end of all things with a "Day of Judgment Galop,"—has concocted something which he calls "The Grand Havelock March." We have not heard it, but assume that no detail of the stern and terrible reality is omitted, but that the shrieks of the victims at Cawnpore, grand chorus of mutineers over the fatal well, and even the blowing of Sepoys from the cannon's mouth, are all given with perfect distinctness. Whether this be so or not, the production of this novelty was fixed for the very evening on which, by strange coincidence, the news of HAVELOCK's march upon Lucknow arrived. Could such a chance be thrown away? Impossible. The caricature must be irrevocably identified with the original now or never; so this was how M. JULLIEN contrived it: he advanced to the front of his platform, made a patriotic speech upon the occasion, and finished by pointing out to the gaze of the mob around him no less a person than Lady HAVELOCK herself, who happened to be, or was said to be, in a private box. When we remember the class of persons, male and female, who fill the promenade at these concerts, and when we hear that Lady HAVELOCK was greeted with the same noisy demonstrations with which those persons welcome, and with equal fervour, a new Row Polka, or a fight between a couple of gents, her appreciation of the compliment may be readily imagined. M. JULLIEN has certainly signalled himself this time.

The *Saturday Review* (which may, we presume, be taken as the exponent of those who consider themselves the advanced guard of the academical army) is still loud in its demands that Fellows shall be allowed to marry. According to this authority, this is "the cardinal question of University Reform." That may be so; but we certainly (and we suspect that a large body of the public also) have yet to learn that the mode of life among the Fellows has any important influence over the most useful functions of the University—we mean the education of undergraduates into graduates. We have hitherto been under the impression that, with nine-tenths of the Fellows, a fellowship has meant little more than making yourself as comfortable as possible upon the annual stipend allowed, doing as little as possible for the money, and solacing life with the comforts of the Combination room, until such time as the dropping-in of a fat college living offered an opportunity

for matrimony and the sweets of rectorship. But, says the *Saturday Review*, "simple and frugal family life, such as that of an intellectual man ought to be, is at least as edifying and improving a spectacle for the undergraduates as the present lives and habits of bachelor Fellows." Arcadian prospect! A circle of married Fellows, billing and cooing like turtle-doves, and teaching matrimony by example among the rest of the *ingenus artes*. We might even have an examination-paper upon courtship and marriage. But then the other side of the picture! Suppose that the intellectual man and wife did not lead "a simple and frugal family life"—and 'tis possible—would that be an edifying spectacle for undergraduates? Suppose that the intellectual man quarrelled with the intellectual woman—and 'tis possible—suppose that he even went so far as to beat her—and that is possible too—would that be likely to improve the undergraduates or to give them exalted notions of married life? These things must be considered. And then again, ladies have sometimes a knack of quarrelling among themselves upon no very grave pretences, and of making their husbands participate in the controversy, which, when it prevents the Rector's wife from calling upon the Squire's lady, is of no very vital importance, even though it prevent the Rector and the Squire from imbibing the friendly bottle in company; but, if it prevented the Senior Tutor from calling upon the Junior, or caused a difference of opinion between one Fellow and another, that might possibly be a much more serious matter. If the *Saturday Review* will launch into a sea of speculation, and exercise its ingenuity in painting pretty pictures of what might occur if Fellows were allowed to marry, the opponents of the proposition are surely at liberty to do so likewise. We can even go the length of imagining an entire college thrown into disorder, the whole system disorganised, and intrigue and favouritism reigning supreme, simply by the introduction of half a dozen very well-meaning ladies.

The public is now gradually finding out the benefit of the new management of the British Museum. Mr. PANIZZI is a reformer who does not hastily introduce his changes, but after careful reflection and cautious experiment. Finding that, without interfering with the business of the reading department, he can permit the public to visit a certain portion of the library, he has now thrown open a new way into the galleries of Natural History, through the Grenville Library, the Manuscript Department, and the magnificent hall which contains what is called "The King's Library." To render the boon more valuable, glass-cases are arranged in which choice MSS. of great interest, block-books, and rare specimens of typography and illumination, are displayed. Those who visited the Museum during the Great Exhibition year will remember that the same accommodation was then extended to the public; but at the close of that event the privilege ceased. The arrangement is now permanent, and will doubtless add very materially to the interest of a visit to the Museum. Now that Mr. PANIZZI is in the reforming mood, let us once more impress upon him what a boon it would be to the readers if the new reading-room could be open till ten o'clock at night. We have before suggested how this might be done without risk to the Library, by only lighting up the Reading-room, and that from the outside, and permitting the readers to have only such books as had been delivered to them whilst daylight lasted.

Mr. ALBERT SMITH has published a very temperate and modest letter, complaining of what he conceives to be a grievance of which both the public and author have a right to complain. This he describes as "the system of buying old copyrights and stock at literary sales, and then bringing the works out plausibly as new ones, under other titles." He especially instances a collection of "Sketches of the Day," published by Messrs. WARD and LOCK, which (says Mr. ALBERT SMITH) is "a collection of my old brochures—the Natural History of the Flirt, the Gent, the Ballet Girl, &c. &c.—bound up in a flaring cover, and put forward simply to deceive the public with a notion that they were purchasing a new work." Without pretending to any very profound knowledge of that recondite subject the law of copyright, we believe that Mr. ALBERT SMITH has a remedy, if he will only seek it, at the hands of a Court of Equity. We conceive that, if a copyright be sold, the purchaser must deal with it as he buys, and is no more entitled to garble or alter it, without the consent

of the author, than the original owner would be. Now the title of a book is part of it, and a publisher has no more right to alter that than any other page of it. Upon these grounds, and also for the protection of the public, we have little doubt that a Vice-Chancellor would grant an injunction against any publisher who presumes to offer a copy-righted book under a false title, restraining him from publishing such work in such a form, and would also make him pay the costs of the application.

We wish that a Congress of literary men would settle, once for all, what constitutes the crime of Plagiarism; for at present the law of letters is very loose upon the subject. A noble author coolly helps himself to entire pages belonging to an able authoress, without a word of acknowledgment or an inverted comma, and yet he would feel grossly scandalised if he were called a plagiarist. New and original dramatists put a dictionary-translation from the French upon the stage, and feel positively aggrieved when the candid critic declares the truth of the matter. What shall be done? Here are scores of men making money, and growing fat in reputation out of other men's property; and no one brings them to justice or treats their conduct as anything more serious than a joke.

We frankly confess that hitherto we have admired Mr. CHARLES READE: we have held him to be a powerful, and above all an original writer, a man not cut after the common pattern, but made after a fashion of his own, unique, artistic, with no commonplace outlines, no mild conventional prettinesses. Hitherto we have treated all accusation of plagiarism against him with scorn, as the idle invention of envious rivals. When we were told that "It is Never too Late to Mend" was only a blue-book turned into a novel, we replied, "Aye; but how splendid the transformation!" When we heard of "White Lies" being a double plagiarism from two French authors, we scouted the notion, and almost refused to hear evidence. Like LOUIS QUATORZE, when he was told that MOLIÈRE stole his comedies, he said to his detractors, "Go you and steal as good." But we were wrong, deplorably in the wrong—alas, that it should be so! Mr. CHARLES READE's delinquency has been proved in a manner to which not even his most earnest admirers can refuse assent.

A short time back, we received a note from an author who is known to the public under the *nom de plume* of THEOPHILUS OPER, pointing out that the tale of "Clouds and Sunshine," in the new volume entitled "The Course of True Love never did Run Smooth," was taken bodily from a drama by GEORGE SAND, called "Claudie," which was produced at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre, in Paris, on the 11th of January 1851. In the *Athenæum* for the 7th inst. this fact was disclosed in a communication signed "G;" whereupon Mr. THEOPHILUS OPER writes us another letter, complaining that it was *he*, and not "G," who had the honour of first pointing out the fact to the *Athenæum*, and that he consequently should have the credit of it. With respect to this, we cannot presume to offer an opinion; we are not in the secrets of our contemporary, and have no means of knowing whence or how his information is derived. We believe, however, that Mr. OPER is not the only discoverer of the plagiarism; and, although we have no doubt that his discovery was as independent as that of LE VERRIER from ADAMS, we must hold the first discovery to be a moot point. This, however, is a question of secondary importance; as for the plagiarism, we are bound to declare, after a careful comparison, that the tale "Clouds and Sunshine" is taken from the play "Claudie," not only as regards the incidents and characters, but even the very dialogue. The impudence of plagiarism can no farther go. The characters tally exactly.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE. CLAUDIE. By GEORGE SAND.

Corporal Patrick, "a soldier" who had "seen four-score years."

Rachael, his daughter, who is "twenty-two."

Farmer Hathorn,—"Farms Mrs. Mayfield's acres upon some friendly agreement."

Mrs. Hathorn, his wife. Robert Hathorn, his son.

Richard Hickman, "a gay, dashing young fellow."

Remy, an old soldier and reaper—an octogenarian.

Claudie, his granddaughter, 21 years old.

Fauveau (farmer to Grande-Rose), a peasant in easy circumstances.

Mère Fauveau, his wife. Sylvain, his son, 25 years old.

Denis Ronciat, a dandified peasant, 30 years old.

Rose Mayfield, "a young widow, fresh and free."

La Grande Rose, a rich countrywoman, proprietor of the farm, a fine woman, 25 to 30 years old.

So much for the characters: the resemblance is certainly very startling; but still more so that between the incidents of the story and the dialogue introduced. In addition to the specimen given by the *Athenæum* we give the following:—

CHARLES READE.
"Let me see," said Hathorn, "What are you to have?"

"Count yourself," replied Patrick; "you know what you give the others."
"What I give the others! but you can't have done the work."

"Not of two; no, we don't ask the wages of two."

"Of course you don't."

"Where's the dispute," said the old soldier, angrily; "here are two that ask the wages of one; is that hard upon you?"

"There is no dispute, old man," said Robert steadily. "Father, twenty-five times five shillings is six pound five; that is what you owe them."

Those who have read "Clouds and Sunshine" will remember the natural simplicity of the meeting between Rachael and her seducer Hinkman. No tragedy-queen acting, but quiet, simple, suppressed pain. Well, let them judge to whom that is due.

CHARLES READE.
(Hickman)... "because I could assist you now may be."

"And what right have you to assist me now?"

(Hickman.) "To provide for him."

"For whom?" cried Rachel wildly, "WHEN HE IS DEAD!"

"Dead?"

"Dead!"

"Don't say so, Rachel; don't say so."

"He is dead!"

But Mr. READE is occasionally more ingenious than this in making use of Madame DUDEVANT's hints. There is the scene where Robert Hathorn attempts suicide by throwing himself under the waggon-wheels. In *Claudia* this is related and not represented; but Mr. READE, in putting it in action, follows the narrative with wonderful accuracy.

GEORGE SAND.
Fauveau. . . . And what do you ask for that?

Remy. Count yourself; you know well what you give the others.

Fauveau. What I give the others; ay! but you two have not done the work of—

Remy. The work of two; therefore we don't ask you to pay us as two.

Fauveau. Diache! I suppose you don't ask that.

Remy (animated). Well! What then! Where do you seek a dispute? Here are we two who ask you the pay of one, and do you find that unjust?

Sylvain. No. There's no dispute. Twenty-five times fifty sous make exactly sixty-two francs and sixty centimes. . . .

GEORGE SAND.
Denis. I can assist you.

Claudia (proudly). Where did you get the right to assist me, Denis Ronciat?

Denis. . . . how much do you want for—

Claudia. For whom?

Denis. For—

Claudia. For whom?

Denis. When he is dead!

Denis. Dead!

CHARLES READE.
Robert came out and went to Rachel's side of the waggon, but she turned her head away.

"Won't you speak to me, Rachael?" said Robert. Rachael turned her head away and was silent.

"Very well," said Robert quietly, very quietly. "Go on!" cried old Hathorn.

The next moment there was a fearful scream among the women, and Robert was seen down among the horses' feet, and the carter was forcing them back. . . .

(Mrs. Hathorn.) "What did Thomas say who dragged him up from the horses' feet?"

"I don't know," said old Hathorn, half sulkily, half trembling.

"He said, 'That is flying in the face of Heaven, young master.' What did Rose Mayfield say, as she passed him next minute? 'Would you kill your mother, Robert, and break all our hearts?' You cried out 'Go on, go on!' Robert said his foot had slipped, and made as though he would smile at me. Ah! what a smile, John! If you had been as near it as I was, you wouldn't sleep this night."

Having thus stated the case as it stands against Mr. READE, whilst we admit that his conduct is all the more inexcusable because he is too wealthy a man (in a mental point of view) to need such expedients, it should in fairness be remembered that these tales were written some years ago, before Mr. READE had attained the reputation which he now enjoys. It is possible that, if he himself had been consulted, he would have approved of neither the issue of the volume nor the hyperbolic strain in which it was announced; and when we remember that a serious difference of opinion has lately occurred between him and the publisher, even to the extent of appealing to the Court of Chancery for a remedy, we must say that the whole affair looks very much like a vengeance on the part of the latter.

The bourgeois of "proud Preston" are anxious to do something of public note, and have elected to have a monument to JEREMIAH HORROCKS, the youthful discoverer who first observed the transit of Venus across the Sun, and made other discoveries, which were of great service to Newton himself. HORROCKS was, we believe, a native of Toxteth, a suburb of Liverpool; and, as Toxteth has a park, it would, perhaps, be better that the statue of the astronomer should stand there. If the Prestonians insist upon the apotheosis of a HORROCKS, let them take the great HORROCKS, the father of the cotton trade in that town, the

GEORGE SAND.

Mère Fauveau. . . .

When he called to Claudia for the last time, and she would not even turn her head towards him, he said, "Very well!" and he threw himself under the waggon that he might be crushed. Ask Thomas what he said when he lifted him up in spite of himself—"What are you doing there, master? Will you displease the good God?" Ask Madame Rose, who said to him: "What are you doing there, Sylvain? Do you wish to kill your mother?" You called out to Thomas "Go on—go on!" Sylvain said that his foot slipped as he turned round, and made as if he would smile at me. Ah! what a smile, husband! If you had seen it, as I saw it, you would not sleep this night."

man who, more than any other, contributed to raise it from an old-fashioned borough into a prosperous manufacturing community. We are quite sure that the name of HORROCKS is more identified with longcloths than with stars; and we are equally certain that Preston has had more to do with the former than the latter. A well-executed statue of the stalwart manufacturer—who began life, we believe, as a carter—will form a fitting ornament to that platform on Avenham Walks which dominates over the magnificent valley of the Ribble.

The following are the most conspicuous among the literary novelties expected during the winter season. Messrs. LONGMAN will publish "The Elements of Political Economy," by H. D. Macleod; also (to meet the exigencies of the times) a "Manual of the History of British India," by Dr. HUMPHREYS, the head-master of Cheltenham Grammar School.

Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, and Co. announce a new work "On Art," by Mr. Ruskin,—to be included in their series of cheap and popular books.

Mr. BENTLEY promises for the first of December a new serial by Mr. Shirley Brooks, to be called "The Gordian Knot." Mr. MURRAY has nothing but "the twentieth thousand" of Dr. Livingstone's *Travels*, a work which, in spite of its insufferable dullness, sells. Mr. NEWBY advertises a cloud of new novels.

Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL announce the long-expected and eagerly-awaited "History of Friederich the Second," by Mr. Carlyle; a "Life and Times of Edmund Burke," by Thomas MacKnight; a biography of Montaigne, by Bayle St. John; the second series of the abridgment of St. Simon's *Memoirs* by the same author; a new novel by George Meredith; and some minor works by various authors. The most important of all these novelties is plainly Mr. Carlyle's book, which, be it remembered, has now cost him some seven years of unremitting toil.

Among various rumours connected with the press, we hear that the transfer of the *London Journal* into new hands, and the disclosures as to its value and circulation consequent upon that event, have suggested to certain speculators the possibility that the ground may not be totally occupied. A new publication upon nearly the same plan is therefore said to be projected, in which an endeavour will be made to excel the *London Journal*, both in manner and matter. The new projectors must, however, remember that, upon the principle of learning from the enemy, a periodical in existence can always keep the vantage-ground; but we are inclined to agree with them that there is yet room for an instructive and amusing periodical for the million. It is said that, in its palmiest days, the *London Journal* attained a circulation of half a million; but, even accepting this estimate, what is that among the whole body of the labouring population of England?

Rumour is also busy with the affairs of a morning paper which has changed proprietors within no very long period. It is very far from impossible that "the great Conservative" party may yet be afforded another opportunity of acquiring "an influential organ of public opinion."

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Lives of the Chief Justices of England. By JOHN LORD CAMPBELL. Vol. III. London: Murray.

(Continued from page 483.)

LORD ELLENBOROUGH is manifestly, as well as by open profession, the hero of Lord Campbell's youth; and the present Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench cannot look back to the days of his great predecessor without feeling his blood warmed, as that of the Last Minstrel was warmed by his own legendary history of the House of Buccleuch. Lord Campbell tells us that when "I first entered Westminster Hall in my wig and gown I there found him 'monarch of all he surveyed.' He was a man of gigantic intellect. . . . Ellenborough was a real *Chief*—such as the rising generation of lawyers may read of and figure to themselves in imagination, but may

never behold to dread or admire." There is clearly hyperbole as well as truth in this youthful enthusiasm; and, when we are told, as we are told just before with some naïveté by the noble author, that he himself "for many years experienced very rough treatment" from the great "Chief," but "for whose memory I entertain the highest respect," it is possible that the exalted standard is due in some measure to the proverbial feelings of the *laudator temporis acti*, as well as to an exaggerated reverence which even adults and old men retain commonly towards the school-masters of their boyhood.

But, making allowance—as we think allowance must be made—for this very natural and amiable sentiment, enough remains to convince even the present generation, to whom Lord Ellenborough is merely an historical character, that he was a man of great, but not, we think, of consummate ability. On Lord Campbell's own evidence

it is clear that, although a distinguished classical scholar and mathematician, as well as a man of uncommon physical energy and strength of mind, he was not only in all essential points a clever lawyer and nothing more, but also a lawyer who, if he took (as he took, undoubtedly) a larger and far more enlightened view of principles than the acute but narrow-minded Lord Kenyon, fell also not only far short of the luminous and philosophical Lord Mansfield, but also, we hold, of the sensible and impartial Lord Tenterden, and still more, we must add, of the wise and liberal learning of Lord Campbell himself. Lord Ellenborough reversed many mischievous rules which had been established by Lord Kenyon; but he was also the sternest and most vituperative opponent of most of the reforms which have become beneficial law since his time. He had too much sense and too much sarcastic humour, as well as too much intellectual culture, to appear

in the character of a "legal monk;" but he was also too deeply immersed in actual law, as it had been settled in barbarous ages, to be aware of the necessity of extending or changing it to suit the altered wants and advanced civilisation of his century. He was an enlightened Conservative; but through life he hated and rancorously opposed all Reform. Only once did he figure as a legislator, and that was in increasing the list of offences for which capital punishment was already awarded, almost without restriction.

His life is peculiarly interesting and dazzling, as the life of a man who was uniformly successful and fortunate in all his undertakings. Much of this success is clearly due to his own great abilities and unwearied perseverance and excellent judgment. Something also, as in all cases, is due to his circumstances. Edward Law was born Nov. 16, 1750—the same year, it may be noticed, which gave birth to his great rivals and friends, Erskine and Scott. His father was the famous Edmund Law, Bishop of Carlisle—described as the "mildest of men;" and on this description a physiologist, remembering the Chief Justice's hasty and violent temper, might be tempted to remark with Talleyrand, "C'était donc apparemment Madame votre mère qui n'était pas trop bien;" but history gives the mother the same character as the father, and the problem must remain unsolved. The earliest accounts of Edward show him as a boy and captain at the Charterhouse, displaying "the same mixture of arrogance and *bonhomie* which afterwards distinguished him—a bluff, burly boy, at once moody and good-natured, ever ready to inflict a blow or perform an exercise for his school-fellows."

At eighteen he went up to Peterhouse, Cambridge, where his father was Master. "He is said now to have indulged pretty freely in the dissipation which was then considered compatible with a vigorous application to study; but he never wasted his time in idle amusements; over his wine he would discuss the merits of a classical author, or the mode of working a mathematical problem; and when his head was cleared by a cup of tea, he set doggedly to work, that he might outstrip those who confined themselves to that thin potation." His character at this time is thus described by his College friend as the member of a club to which both belonged:

LORD ELLENBOROUGH AT CAMBRIDGE.

Philotes bears the first rank in this society. Of a warm and generous disposition, he breathes all the animation of youth and the spirit of freedom. His thoughts and conceptions are uncommonly great and striking; his language and expressions are strong and nervous, and partake of the colour of his sentiments. As all his views are honest and his intentions direct, he scorns to disguise his feelings or palliate his sentiments. This disposition has been productive of uneasiness to himself and to his friends, for his open and unsuspecting temper leads him to use a warmth of expression which sometimes assumes the appearance of *fierté*. This has frequently disgusted his acquaintance; but his friends know the goodness of his heart, and pardon a foible that arises from the candour and openness of his temper. Indeed, he never fails, when the heat of conversation is over, and when his mind becomes cool and dispassionate, to acknowledge the error of his nature, and, like a Roman Catholic, claim an absolution for past as well as future transgressions. Active and enterprising, he pursues with eagerness whatever strikes him most forcibly. His studies resemble the warmth of his disposition; struck with the great and sublime, his taste, though elegant and refined, prefers the glowing and animated conceptions of a Tacitus to the softer and more delicate graces of a Tully.

"I am afraid," says Lord Campbell, in commenting on this description, "we must infer that, in conversation, he was rather overbearing, and that the love of sarcasm, which never left him, was then uncontrolled, and made him generally unpopular." He does not seem to have been unpopular; but, as his character was at this time, such it was in a more exaggerated form through his life.

It was expected that he would be Senior Wrangler and first Medallist. He became third Wrangler and first Medallist. He regarded his success as a failure, and professed to be deeply mortified. He was not soothed by obtaining his Fellowship at Trinity; and, after failing to obtain either the Latin or English essays, he rushed from classics and mathematics into a course of novel-reading; "abominated," he said, "all such as ended unhappily;" and wept over Mrs. Sheridan's "Sidney Biddulph."

The wayward and impetuous but clever young man was now allowed by his father—with much

reluctance—to enter at Lincoln's-inn. There he took small chambers; worked with all his natural energy for two years, according to the new and approved practice, in the chambers of George Wood, the celebrated special pleader; and buckled with indefatigable zeal to all that is "most wearisome and most revolting" in the early practice of the law. His Fellowship and an allowance from his father saved him from Lord Kenyon's early privations. Also he passed honourably, as well as successfully, that terrible barrier to professional success which multitudes of the cleverest men either never pass at all, or pass only by intrigue, and after doing homage of the most servile and degrading kind. The attorneys who frequented Mr. Wood's chambers discovered that Mr. Law's large, bold, pot-hook hand wrote most of Mr. Wood's pleadings. By degrees he became acquainted with them personally, and raised their admiration of his abilities. But it is said, and it may be well believed, that even in this delicate position he conciliated them without lowering himself. It is certain that, as soon as he began to practise as a special pleader, he had no scarcity of clients. He practised in this character for five years before he was called to the bar. He took pupils, and made a handsome income by his profession, charging, as men under the bar may charge, very small fees.

Many years afterwards, when he was presiding at Nisi Prius, a wrong-headed attorney, pleading his own cause, and being overruled on some untenable points which he took, at last impatiently observed: "My Lord, my Lord, although your Lordship is so great a man now, I remember the time when I could have got your opinion for five shillings." Ellenborough, C.J.: "Sir, I dare say it was not worth the money!"

At length he had formed his professional connection, and was called to the Bar in 1780. He joined the Northern Circuit, partly owing to his father's Cumbrian friends, and made his first appearance at York, to the dismay of the junior Bar, with a large pile of briefs. Law was resolved to carry things with a high hand, and his resolution succeeded. His first circuit was so prosperous, that he disdained the thought either of practising at Quarter Sessions or of writing a book—the hopes of junior barristers generally. Instead of having to wait, like most of them, for many long and weary years to raise his steps from a court of county sessions to the court of the same county assize; and so slowly on from town to town on the circuit, and gradually into the metropolitan courts; Law, at the end of his first circuit, was ahead of men who had practised twenty or thirty years on the circuit.

He proved himself quite equal to the position. "His manner was somewhat rough, and he was apt to get into altercations with his opponents and with the judge; but his strong manly sense and his familiar knowledge of the profession inspired confidence into those who employed him; and the mingled powers of humour and sarcasm he displayed soon gave him a distinguished position in the Circuit Grand Court, held *foribus clausis* among the barristers themselves, in which toasts were given, speeches were made, and verses were recited not altogether fit for the vulgar ear."

In seven years from this time Law had fought his way up to the head of his circuit, and virtually led it in a "stuff gown." It was with some difficulty that he obtained his silk gown, i. e. his degree of King's Counsel, and precedence over all stuff gowns. It was granted him in 1787; and at the same date he wooed and won the beautiful Miss Towry to become Mrs. Law. Law was not naturally a lady's man; he was uncouth, awkward, vehement, and wanting in the graces and accomplishments by which ladies are presumably won. "It was also said that he had indulged rather freely in the gallantries of youth." On the other and creditor side he was making a large income, and was, after Erskine, the most rising man of his contemporaries. Law proposed, and was rejected by the lady. The lover was not disconcerted, but showed his fee-book to the father, who, after a few inquiries, gave his consent. Then Law proposed again to the lady, and was again refused very decidedly. Again he proposed, and met the same reception. Still he persevered, and the lady's "aversion was softened." She accepted, "and became tenderly attached to him." For many years beautiful Mrs. Law was the supreme admiration of balls and assemblies; and "strangers used to collect in Bloomsbury-square to gaze at her as she

watered the flowers which stood in her balcony." Lord Campbell ends this great mediæval act of his hero's life with the expiring sentiment of a novel, and tells us that "for many years the faithful couple lived together in uninterrupted affection and harmony, blessed with a numerous progeny, several of whom united their father's talents with their mother's comeliness."

At this point of his life it might be thought, vulgarly, that Mr. Law had been, in all respects, an eminently fortunate, as well as an eminently clever and deserving man. But in truth, like most spoiled children of fortune, he considered himself as eminently ill-used and unlucky. High as were his merits, his estimate of their value was still higher; and the same bitter sentiment of disappointment which had soured his naturally overbearing spirit at the end of his University career, when his degree fell rather short of his hopes, rankled in his heart when he found himself happily married, and the leader of the Northern Circuit before he was middle-aged; but as yet with little or no business in London and Westminster Hall. In the anguish of his soul he felt and said that all is vanity; and then suddenly the grievance disappeared, and the prosperous barrister was borne rapidly upwards to his highest object of ambition. One evening, on going moodily to his chambers, he found on his table a general retainer for Warren Hastings, Esq., with a fee of five hundred guineas; and Law saw, at the same moment, that his fortune was made. He was to be opposed as leading counsel for the defence against the Commons of England, as represented by Burke, Sheridan, and Fox, in the greatest state trial of modern times, with opportunities of distinction such as even Cicero scarcely had on the impeachment of Verres. Law took a mass of papers and books down with him into country solitude; worked at them through the whole of a long vacation, and trained for the contest as if he were training for Olympian games. Good sense and rough and ready speech were his strong; points but he had little real pretension to eloquence, as he well knew; and scraps of notes and fragments of speeches, concocted during his retirement, still remain to show how much he felt, and how much he laboured—not altogether fruitlessly—to supply the deficiency. When the trial began, and during the progress of the case for the impeachment, Law was in his element in obstructing and maddening the managers with technical objections, and especially in excluding large masses of evidence on which they relied to establish their case. Bitterly personal were the collisions on these occasions between Burke and Law; but the orator had to yield in nearly every case to the lawyer. But when the case for the defence was opened, and Law's speeches had to bear comparison with those of the great triumvirate for the prosecution, the impatience and disappointment of the audience were extreme; and Law was left at first to deliver tame and feeble platitudes to almost empty benches. He gained courage and improved as he proceeded in his case; and Miss Burney, who had expressed no small contempt for his earlier efforts, was better pleased with his later endeavours. The utmost, however, that could be said with truth of Law's defence was that it was vigorous, undaunted, and judicious. When his ambition led him to attempt oratorical flights, the clever special pleader became the butt for the successful and inextinguishable ridicule of his opponents and his critics. At length, after a contest of nearly ten years, "he had the satisfaction to hear his client acquitted by a majority of peers. It was expected that Burke would then have shaken hands with him; but still in Burke's sight Dehi Sing could hardly have been more odious."

During these ten years Law had risen to the summit of his profession. The London attorneys were only too glad to obtain an interview and a conversation, by means of a brief and a conference in the evening, with the great lawyer to whom a nation had been listening at Westminster Hall in the morning. A political reconciliation with the Tories placed the highest law-office under Government in his hands; and when Mr. Addington succeeded Mr. Pitt as Premier in 1801, he at once offered the Attorney-Generalship to Mr. Law, who accepted it gratefully, and with it a seat in the House for a Government borough, for which he paid 500*l.* to the Secretary of the Treasury.

He was in the House only a very short time,

and did not show any remarkable talent for debate. During this time, as supreme counsel for the Crown, he conducted, somewhat virulently, the celebrated prosecution against Governor Wall, who was tried for alleged cruelties to a soldier on the coast of Africa. The case was very imperfectly proved, but the jury convicted; and so strong was the popular feeling on the occasion, that, although the Government wished to save him, and although Lord Campbell, who was present at the trial, states his deliberate opinion that the prisoner was innocent, Governor Wall was hanged in front of Newgate amidst the execrations of a large mob.

On the 5th of April 1802 the present Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench was sitting in the students' box, when he saw a note put into the Attorney-General's hand, announcing Lord Kenyon's death. The Attorney-General looked disturbed, and withdrew immediately; for at that time it was doubted whether he would be thought to have held office long enough to entitle him to that high position which a long series of precedents have established to be the constitutional prize of the Attorney-General. But he was appointed immediately to the vacancy by Mr. Addington, and took his seat on the 12th of April as Lord Chief Justice of England. He was raised at the same time to a barony, and chose his title—Ellenborough—from a small village in Cumberland, where his mother's family had possessed property.

Lord Ellenborough became at once an admirable judge. His constitutional failings of temperament developed themselves at the same time; and, although he had promised, as Lord Campbell states, that under his supremacy the Bar should have no sufficient cause to complain of that discourtesy which had been a glaring grievance under Lord Kenyon's dominion, "yet," says Lord Campbell, referring perhaps to a personal experience, "before the first term was over he unjustifiably put down a hesitating junior, and ever after he was deeply offended by any show of resistance to his authority." He treated his *puignes*, or junior judges, with similar haughtiness; and, on the whole, was much more respected than liked by them and the profession.

His ability, learning, and impartiality were unexceptionable. He was a distinguished mercantile lawyer; intimately familiar with the rules of evidence; a subtle special pleader; and very sufficiently, although, as is usual in a common lawyer, less profoundly, acquainted with the mysteries of real property and conveyancing. His voice, manner, and general figure had peculiar dignity and impressiveness; and he was at all times the superior combatant in the frequent discussions and collisions which take place occasionally between the Bench and the Bar.

His constructions of law were at once sound, liberal, and comprehensive; and in this respect he observed what many held to be a correct medium between the equitable laxities of Lord Mansfield, and the pedantic narrowness and precision of Lord Kenyon. He inclined more to the former than to the latter as his model; but seems to have been afraid of following that model into the delicate ground of judicial law reform. He contented himself with reversing the more absurd and mischievous of Lord Kenyon's decisions; without re-establishing such bold doctrines as that an action may be brought for a legacy, or that a married woman who conceals her coverture and obtains credit as a single woman may be sued in the latter character.

His principal judgments on questions of municipal law are of great value. Lord Campbell cites as instances the doctrine that a provision during marriage by a husband for his wife, in the event of separation, is not void on the ground of public policy, as tending to facilitate such separations; that no action, as on a warranty, will lie on the sale of goods at a sound price (a doctrine which later cases render questionable); that the captain of a man of war is not personally liable for accidents by collision; that no action can be brought by a personal representative of a deceased person for a breach of promise of marriage, on the general principle that an action for a personal wrong is a strictly personal remedy, and cannot be brought by any one but the person who has suffered the wrong. He alarmed the fox-hunters by holding that they might be sued as trespassers by the owners of land. He aided literary criticism by holding that it is not libellous to publish reviews which turn published books into ridicule. He said: "Ridicule is often the fittest instrument which can be em-

ployed for such a purpose. Every man who publishes a book commits himself to the judgment of the public; and any one may comment upon his performance. He may not only be refuted but turned into ridicule if his blunders are ridiculous. Reflection on personal character is another thing. Show me any attack on the plaintiff's character unconnected with the authorship, and I shall be as ready to protect him; but I cannot hear of malice from merely laughing at his works." He upheld the privilege of counsel to make *bona fide* comments on persons during the conduct of a case which at other times would be slanderous and actionable. On the other hand, he followed Lord Kenyon's bad and illegal habit of giving his own construction of a libel to the jury, instead of leaving it, according to Mr. Fox's Act, entirely to the decision of the jury. On the trial of Mr. Perry, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, for publishing a seditious libel, of which the substance was that the successor of George III. would have a fine opportunity of becoming popular, his summing up was impartial; but violently prejudiced on the trial of Horne Tooke. His last appearance in his judicial character was on the trial of Hone for publishing pasquinades against George IV.; and his mortification at the acquittal, which the jury pronounced in spite of his strong summing up for a conviction, is said to have hastened his death.

Lord Ellenborough was a member of the cabinet, and by no means a silent member in the House of Lords. But he added little to his reputation in either character; and his violent and overbearing tone, which none dared to oppose in the King's Bench, brought him into many sharp collisions with his fellow peers. On one occasion, when his language had been even less measured than usual, he concluded a speech with the expression of a hope that he had discussed the subject "with due calmness and moderation, and without any asperity." A general shout of laughter greeted this outbreak of modesty.

For upwards of fifteen years Lord Ellenborough presided as Chief Justice, and dispatched business with an ability which was open only to the imputation of excessive celerity. In 1817 his health began to fail, and he was compelled to travel on the Continent to recruit it. Somewhat, but not much benefited, he took his seat again, but only to feel and to show that he was no longer what he had been. Broken in constitution, but unimpaired in spirit—stern and grim with the knowledge of his decay—he persisted in attempting to sit until the summer circuit of 1818, when he was forced to send Serjeant Lens as his substitute. Gout, and it would seem paralysis, were breaking him up fast, and he was dying rapidly the death of the strong man. At length, in the autumn of 1818 he resigned; and three months later expired, calmly and piously, surrounded by his family, at his house in St. James's-square.

Lord Ellenborough's character as a man and, position as a lawyer have been noticed sufficiently. His position as a legislator, as has also been noticed, was that of a thoroughly Conservative obstructive. He occupied another position, as a legal wit: and in this character he has probably never been surpassed. There have been great men on the Bench, even in these our degenerate days, whose humorous sayings have long been the gossip of the courts, and the intellectual, although hardly judicial, ornament of their great abilities. All have passed away within the last very few years: and it is a complaint among the rising generation of lawyers, that the wit of the Bench has no longer a representative. Whether the alteration be a loss or a gain it is needless to inquire; but they who hold the former view must long regard Lord Ellenborough as the prince of forensic jesters, even on the face alone of the scanty records which have reached our times. His was a grave, serious, sarcastic, and rather sardonic humour, which uttered excellent things in the manner of Swift, and, like Swift, without moving a muscle. Some specimens were given in our sketch of Lord Kenyon. Others are given by Lord Campbell, which are almost too well known for quotation, but are necessary to complete this outline of biography. A tedious counsel having, after a long argument, inquired when it would be their Lordship's pleasure to hear the remainder of it; Lord Ellenborough: "We are bound to hear you out, sir, and shall hope to do so on Friday: but, alas! pleasure has long been out of the question." Another tedious counsel having occasion to contend that "the deep boring of lime

mines is matter of science," Ellenborough, C. J.: "You will hardly succeed in convincing us, Sir, that every species of boring is matter of science." A declamatory speaker having exclaimed, theatrically, "In the Book of Nature, my Lords, it is written"—was stopped by the Chief Justice with the question: "Will you have the goodness to mention the page, sir, if you please?" An impudent young counsel, whose courage and memory failed him at the critical moment of commencement, having said: "The unfortunate client who appears by me—the unfortunate client who appears by me—my Lord, my unfortunate client"—the Chief Justice interposed, in a soft and encouraging whisper, "You may go on, sir; so far the court is quite with you." A very tedious Bishop having yawned during his own speech, Lord Ellenborough said: "Come, come, the fellow shows some symptoms of taste; but this is rather encroaching on our province."

Lord Ellenborough was of middle size, but of ungainly figure. He moved with a sort of semi-rotatory step, and his path to the place to which he wished to go was the section of a parabola. When he entered the court, he was in the habit of swelling out his cheeks by blowing and compressing his lips, and you would have supposed that he was going to snort like a war-horse preparing for battle. He affected a Johnsonian dialect, but was not happy in his written compositions. In many respects he strongly resembled Lord Thurlow; and Charles Mathews on one occasion convulsed a theatre, and on another occasion the Prince Regent, by his perfect mimicry of the Chief Justice's peculiar individuality.

He left above 240,000*l.* to his family, which consisted at his death of five sons and five daughters. The bulk of the property, and an office of 7000*l.* per annum in the King's Bench, went to his eldest son and successor, the present and distinguished Earl of Ellenborough. Another son became Recorder of London and member for Cambridge, but died some years since. PHIL.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY.

Annotations on Dr. d'Aubigné's Sketch of the Early British Church; with a Development of some important Missionary Efforts of the Ancient Scots; and an Essay on the First Introduction of Alphabetical Writing into Ireland. By M. WEBB. Remarks Introductory from ARCHBISHOP WHATELY. London: Wertheim and Mackintosh.

It is a fact not generally known, but which the professed historian certainly ought to be aware of, that Ireland, and not Scotland, was the *Scotia* of all the writers of the ante-Norman period in these islands; and that whenever the words *Scotus* or *Scoti* are used by them, they mean natives of Ireland, whether residing there at the time spoken of, or in Britain, North Britain, France, or anywhere else. Two centuries ago Archbishop Usher established this upon undeniable evidence; and the best authorities since his time have acquiesced in it—all but Dr. D'Aubigné, who in that part of his history which relates to this country has, either through ignorance or wilfulness, turned Irishmen into Scotchmen, and transferred to the latter, for the most part, the high honour of being the most distinguished scholars, ecclesiastics, and Christian missionaries of the age in which they lived.

The author of the work before us, indignant that her countrymen should be thus treated, and justly confident that she has truth on her side, has subjected Dr. d'Aubigné's statements to a keen examination, in the course of which the reader will find considerable information respecting the religion, learning, and manners of the period under review, together with copious details respecting the lives and characters of St. Patrick, Columbkille, Columbanus, St. Gall, Aidan, Colman, Clemens, Virgilius, Johannes Scotus Erigena, Claudius Clemens, Albinus, and other illustrious worthies. All this is presented to us in a very readable form, and too much praise cannot be given to the writer for the intelligent pains taken by her to illustrate this somewhat dark and too-much-neglected chapter of history.

Mrs. Webb's first correction of M. d'Aubigné relates to his off-hand assumption that the patron saint of Ireland was by birth a Scotchman. "On the picturesque banks of the Clyde," he says, "not far from Glasgow, in the Christian village of Bonavern (now Kilpatrick), a little boy of

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tender heart, lively temperament, and indefatigable activity, passed the earlier days of his life. He was born about the year 372, of a British family, and was named Succat," &c. In this easy way does he presume to settle the much-agitated question as to the birth-place of St. Patrick. England, Scotland, and France, have all three contended for this honour; and the weight of evidence is very much in favour of the last-mentioned country. St. Patrick's own statement is: "I had for my father Calpornius, a deacon, the son of the late priest Potitus, who was of the town of Bonaven, a small place of Tabernia. Near it was Enon, where I fell into captivity." Now the Bonaven here mentioned was, according to our author, much more likely to be Bonneval on the Loir, than any place in Scotland; and at all events the historian ought to have taken care to state that there was such a wide diversity of opinion among the learned respecting it. This gives rise to the suspicion that M. d'Aubigné was so much inculcated with the views of his friends in Scotland, that he has chosen to ignore whatever does not make for the honour of that country.

This suspicion is increased when we come to the historian's account of Columbkille or Columba, some two centuries later, the founder of the celebrated missionary establishment and school of learning at Iona. Upon this he observes: "In one of the churches formed by Succat's preaching there arose about two centuries after him a pious man named Columba, son of Feidlimid, the son of Fergus. Valuing the cross of Christ more highly than the royal blood that flowed in his veins, he resolved to devote himself to the King of Heaven. Shall he not repay to the country of Succat what Succat had imparted to him? I will go, said he, and preach the Word of God in Scotland," &c. We do not wonder at our Irish friends' objecting to this cool assumption that their country is indebted to Scotland for its evangelisation. What follows is amusing, from the wrong notion it shows the author to entertain of the civilisation of the period. "The grandson of Fergus communicated the zeal which animated him to the hearts of several fellow-Christians. They repaired to the sea-shore, and, cutting down the pliant branches of the osier, constructed a frail bark, which they covered with the skins of beasts. In this rude boat they embarked in the year 565, and, after being driven to and fro on the ocean, the little missionary band reached the waters of the Hebrides." Upon this Mrs. Webb very properly remarks:

The writer, from his desire to be graphical, has made a blunder in describing the outfit of the missionary adventurers, which, to say the least, conveys a false idea of the nautical crafts and other resources of Hibernia in the sixth century. The founder of the schools of Iona is first introduced repairing to the seashore, cutting down the pliant branches of the osier, therewith constructing a frail bark, which he covers with the skins of beasts, and thus prepared crosses the sea to Britain. Scanty as our knowledge is of that remote period, we have proofs that the Irish people had both merchant ships and ships of war. The latter had served in the previous century, as we have seen, to convey hostile troops to France, and to return laden with numerous prisoners, as stated in the "Confession" we have quoted. There is no authority whatever for representing Columbkille and his missionary associates as crossing the channel in a curragh. It is true that this peculiar shallow, a framework covered with prepared hides, has been used by the peasantry and fishermen along some of our shallow rocky shores since time immemorial, but not for crossing the sea. To whatever risk of the kind a poor man in case of extremity might be supposed to have recourse, thus to represent a member of the royal family of Ulster, and one so honoured as Columbkille had been in his native land, is absurd. His ancestor, Fergus, to whom D'Aubigné so often alludes, was grandson to Nial of the Nine Hostages, sovereign of Ireland; the same Nial that made Succat a prisoner on the banks of the Loir. Fergus's father was Conal Gulban, founder of the principality of Tírconnell.

Of this Columbkille Mrs. Webb has many interesting particulars to tell us. His vernacular name was Crimthan, which, in accordance with the custom among the ancient Irish, was changed for one expressive of his prominent characteristic. Thus he was called Columbkille, or Done of the Churches, from his missionary zeal; in the same way that Succat was called Patricius, from his being the pater or Father of the Irish Church. Columbkille was famous long before he went to Iona:

Columbkille's oratory at Kells yet remains to point

out the spot where the descendant of Nial the Great lectured to the student classes of the ancient Ceanannus. That oratory is still called the "house of Columbkille," and is regarded by antiquaries as an excellent type of the simple oratories of the sixth century. The church of that ancient town long retained a beautifully illuminated autograph copy of the four Gospels, written, as the Irish annalists record, by Columbkille himself for his establishment at Kells. That precious book is now deposited in Trinity College library, where it can be seen by the inquiring visitor. It is entitled "The Book of Kells."

Thus was Scotia or Ireland, in the sixth and seventh centuries, the cradle of learning and religion, which her missionary priests, with Columba at their head, transferred to Alba or Scotland. The schools at Iona were for a long time fed by teachers from Ireland; and Iona itself, in process of time, sent forth its missionaries and teachers to evangelise and instruct the natives, not only of Britain, but of the Continent. It was not from Iona, however, nor from Britain, but from Ireland, that the next great missionary teacher went forth—Columbanus, equal in every way, if not superior, to Columbkille. And this brings us to M. d'Aubigné's next great misrepresentation, or blunder—call it what you will. "The missionary fire," he says, "which the grandson of Fergus had kindled in a solitary island, soon spread over Great Britain. Not in Iona alone, but at Bangor and other places, the spirit of evangelisation burst forth." He then goes on to tell us that "Columbanus, feeling in his heart the burning of the fire which the Lord hath kindled upon earth, quitted Bangor in 590, with twelve missionaries, and carried the Gospel to the Burgundians, Franks and Swiss. . . . Thus was Britain faithful in planting the standard of Christ in the heart of Europe." It is quite clear from this that M. d'Aubigné's Bangor is Bangor in Wales; but it is equally clear, and a matter that rests upon the most undeniable evidence, that the Bangor from which Columbanus and his associates issued was Bangor, in the county of Down, Ireland—a place of considerable note at the time, when the other Bangor was scarcely, if at all, heard of. This is really too bad; but M. d'Aubigné, not content with placing the Irish Bangor in Wales, turns the illustrious St. Gall, or Gallus, into a Welshman, although born, according to the clearest evidence, in the county of Down, Ireland. St. Gall was a pupil of Columbanus at Bangor, and accompanied his master to the Continent, where he became the Apostle of Switzerland. Dr. d'Aubigné's next blunder is to make a Scotchman of Aidan, the first Bishop of Lindisfarne. He also turns the next two Bishops of Lindisfarne, Finan and Colman, into Scotchmen; while Mrs. Webb shows, upon the testimony of Bede, that there can be no doubt of their having been Irish.

All these illustrious men lived and laboured, disseminating the truths of Christianity, and founding schools of learning, without owning any allegiance to the Pope of Rome—some of them being even persecuted for the independency of their opinions and actions. We wish that we had space to speak of some of the later Irish worthies—such as Virgilius, whose native name was probably Feargill, Johannes Scotus Erigena, and Claudius Clemens. The learning of these later writers was quite as conspicuous as the zeal of their predecessors. There is every reason to believe that the founder of the University of Paris was an Irishman. Virgilius, in the eighth century, taught the theory of the rotundity of the earth; and Erigena, in the ninth, was the introducer of scholastic theology in continental Europe. Even D'Aubigné does not deny to Ireland the paternity of this illustrious man. And what a proud position does he occupy, both from his own achievements and as the precursor of Peter Lombard, Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, Bonaventura, and all the long array of bright geniuses that illuminate what we are pleased to call the dark ages!

Of the life of Scotus little is known prior to his appearance at the court of Charles the Bald, somewhere about the middle of the ninth century. That he was an Irishman born there can be no manner of doubt, from his appellation of *Erigena*, or *Ermgena*, as it is more properly spelt in some ancient MSS. Scotus very much captivated the King of France by his various accomplishments. He understood Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic, and was the foremost man of his age as an independent thinker. He taught philosophy at the University of Paris, and it was the freedom of some of his speculations that caused him to be suspected of heresy. At the request of Charles

he had translated into Latin the writings of the pseudo-Dionysius, with respect to which the Pope, Nicholas I., thus wrote to the King: "John, one of the nation of the Scots, having translated into Latin the works of Denis the Areopagite, concerning the names of God and the celestial hierarchy, which book should have been sent to me for approval, particularly as the said John, though in other respects a man of profound learning, is suspected not to be orthodox; your majesty will, therefore, please to expel him from the Paris University, and send both the book and its author to Rome." What became of Scotus Erigena after this is not certainly known, except that he did not repair to Rome at the summons of the Pope. Some say that he continued at Paris, and there died; others that he went to England; and others again that he retired to his native country, where he died in 874. Besides being a man of profound learning, he was of a lively, sportive temperament, and used sometimes to amuse the King with the sallies of his wit. One of his repartees, although at the expense of his royal host, has been preserved to us, and a very good one it is. Sitting opposite to the King one day at dinner, the Sovereign addressed him thus: "Quid interest inter Scotum et Sotum?" "Mensa tantum, Rex magnificentissime," was the ready and witty reply. Thus far of Scotus Erigena.

We conclude with thanking Mrs. Webb for this able vindication of her countrymen's claim to be recognised as the foremost disseminators of religion and learning throughout Europe, and for the fearlessness with which she asserts it against an author of such high reputation as M. d'Aubigné. We trust that we shall hear from her again on the same subject, which one is not easily exhausted.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Character and Logical Method of Political Economy. By JOHN E. CAIRNES. London: Longman and Co.

A COURSE of lectures delivered by Professor Cairnes at the University of Dublin, and published in a small volume for the instruction of a wider circle. His aim has been "to bring back the discussions of political economy to those tests and standards which were formerly considered the ultimate criteria of economic doctrine, but which have been completely lost sight of in many modern publications." Substantially they are a revival of the doctrines of Malthus and Ricardo, with some slight modifications. The most novel, interesting, and useful portion of the work is the first lecture—"On the Character and Limits of Political Economy"—a discussion very necessary to be raised just now that there are such manifestations of a desire to stretch the science far beyond its proper boundaries, even into the province of morals. Mr. Cairnes claims for it the title and honours of a science, not an art, as it is too often treated. "Science," says Mill, "is a collection of truths; Art, a body of rules or directions for conduct. The language of Science is: 'This is,' or 'This is not,' 'This does,' or 'does not' happen. The language of Art is: 'Do this,' 'Avoid that.' Science takes cognisance of a phenomenon, and endeavours to discover its law; Art proposes to itself an end, and looks out for means to effect it." Adopting this definition, the Professor proceeds to observe the phenomena, and thence to discover the laws of political economy; but he does not propose to supply rules, or to recommend particular policies. Although opposed to the present prevailing school, Professor Cairnes will be read with profit, for he is a man who ventures to think for himself, and to avow his convictions.

RELIGION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Two excellent manuals for the study of Holy Scripture have been recently published, namely: *A Manual of the whole Scripture History and of the History of the Jews between the periods of the Old and New Testaments: including Notices of Biblical Antiquities and Geography; Oriental Manners and Customs; Historic Parallels and Contemporary Events; the Structure and Import of the Jewish Ritual; and a Survey of the Nature and Design of the successive Dispensations, Patriarchal, Mosaic, and Christian. With Questions for Examination.*

By the Rev. J. E. RIDDLE, M.A., &c. Second Edition (London: Longmans)—and *Bible Manual: an Introduction to the Study of Scripture History; with Analyses of the Books of the Bible*. By JAMES SIME, M.A., Rector of the Free Church Training College, Edinburgh, &c. (Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox).—The former of these works has been already received with so much favour, that a second edition has been called for within little more than a month from the publication of the first; and we are not surprised at this extraordinary popularity. The information given is so complete, and Mr. Riddle has so evidently worked with a conscience to make his book equal to the requirements of our time, that he well deserves not only a quick sale, but high praise into the bargain. The title-page, full as it is, scarcely embraces all the admirable properties of the work. It says nothing, for instance, of the valuable footnotes here and there interspersed, with quotations from, and references to, valuable works, with some of which the reader may chance to become acquainted now for the first time. There is also an appendix, containing much valuable matter in the way of chronology, genealogies, weights and measures, &c. Though intended chiefly for the use of middle and higher schools, the author trusts "that the design and contents will be found to include also much that may commend it to the attention of students in our universities, candidates for the sacred ministry, and other intelligent readers."

—Mr. Sime's work also shows considerable research and discrimination. There is a peculiar grace and easiness in its style, especially in the narrative portions. The history of the Jews is sketched with a master's hand. It has all the lights and shades which such a picture demands, and no false colouring. The various characters that pass under review, from Abraham to Nehemiah, are all well discriminated, and there is no exaggeration, either of their virtues or their faults. Where difficulties occur in the sacred narrative they are not evaded, but explained, whenever possible—and this without dogmatism or ostentation. After his review of the historical books of the Old Testament, the author proceeds to the poetical and prophetic books, of each of which he gives a brief but satisfactory analysis. In the New Testament portion the narrative of the four Evangelists is harmonised, and the distinguishing traits of each writer are pointed out with skill and precision. The progress of the early Christian Church is then described; after which comes a brief analysis of each of the Epistles. With respect to the Apocalypse, Mr. Sime has shown his good sense by saying very little about it. After the praise that we have felt it our duty to bestow upon Mr. Sime's work, it will be but fair to our readers to let them have some slight opportunity of judging of it for themselves. In the matter of style, at least, they will be able to do this, from the following brief extract. Here is a picture of "Solomon in all his glory."

Solomon was the first Hebrew monarch who affected the state and magnificence of a great sovereign. In the beginning of his reign he had three score queens, and four score concubines, and virgins without number. A guard of sixty valiant men, fully armed, watched near his bedside, "because of fear in the night." He introduced the custom of riding in chariots, and all his successors followed his example. Mules had been used by David and other rulers on occasions of state; but Saul always appeared on foot. A litter or palanquin, that Solomon constructed, was the admiration of Jerusalem. The pillars were silver, the props gold, the wood-work cedar, and the seat was covered with purple. The increased magnificence of the royal dwellings, is also very striking. Saul, like Abraham or Deborah, dwelt "under a tree in Ramah, all his servants standing about him." Probably he heard complaints and administered justice there. David usually appeared at the gate of the city or palace, giving audience to persons who sought advice or assistance; but Solomon made those who wished an audience of the king attend in a palace built for that purpose. The hall in which he received them, the throne on which he sat, and the guards in attendance, were all calculated to cause respect and terror. Rows of cedar pillars, richly ornamented, supported the lofty roof of the spacious hall. An ivory throne, overlaid with the finest gold, and raised considerably above the ground, formed the royal seat. Six steps led up to it, and two lions on each reminded suppliants of the majesty of the king. Five hundred soldiers, carrying shields of burnished gold, inspired all who approached with the magnificence of the monarch, and were in readiness to execute his commands. Solomon built a number of palaces in Jerusalem, but he appears to have frequently resided in other places. Probably he had a

palace at Tirzah, afterwards the capital of the ten tribes, and much admired for the beauty of its situation. He also visited Lebanon, and was familiar with the rivers and neighbourhood of Damascus—"the source of Amana," and "the tower of Lebanon that looketh toward Damascus." Heshbon, in the tribe of Reuben, was so well known to him that he has even mentioned the gate, at which were some finely situated ponds of water; and the flocks, vegetable productions, and fair scenery of Gilead are frequently alluded to in his writings. Gibeon, not Moriah, was Solomon's favourite place of sacrifice; and the example he set in this respect proved most pernicious afterwards. Other proofs of Solomon's greatness are recorded in Scripture. He was the only Jewish sovereign who possessed a large stud of horses, and a respectable cavalry force: he had 1400 chariots, and 12,000 horsemen. . . . But strangers were more surprised at the arrangements of Solomon's table than any other displays of his wisdom or magnificence. . . . Five thousand persons partook of his hospitality daily. . . . Solomon was the centre of the large crowd of persons who were thus gathered round his table. They would applaud his wisdom, repeat his sayings, and would soon become the flatterers and deceivers of the monarch. The Queen of Sheba admired the arrangements of his table, and the happiness of the men who were admitted to it, above everything else that she saw in the kingdom.

We must here conclude—not, however, without expressing some regret at the absence of references in the foot-notes to acknowledged authorities in support of some of the author's views and statements. Ample references of this kind would, we think, much enhance the value of the work.

Devotional Retirement; or, Scriptural Admonitions for the Closet for every day in the year; with introductory Thoughts on Religion. By THOMAS WALLACE, Author of "A Guide to the Christian Ministry," &c. (London and Glasgow: Griffin and Co.).—This is purely a devotional work, but, as it strikes us, too gloomy in its character. It is all admonition, which, however affectionate, is apt to pall upon the taste, and ultimately miss its aim. The author tells us that he "has aimed to make the volume as hortatory as possible, well knowing that Christians require continual admonition and appeal; and that, while the language of encouragement is desirable, the language of sound, direct, and faithful exhortation is, perhaps, much more important."

The Saint and his Saviour; or, the Progress of the Soul in the Knowledge of Jesus. By the Rev. C. H. SPURGEON (London: Virtue).—In this production of the great popular preacher of our time there is nothing startling or extravagant, such as many people might be led to expect from the reports of his pulpit oratory. The writer argues with earnestness and force upon the necessity of conversion, and the reasonableness of intense love to the Saviour from the redeemed sinner. We have not ourselves, up to the present time, heard Mr. Spurgeon preach; but, from what we have been told of him, we should think that the habit of composition would tend to correct some of his extravagancies and eccentricities in the pulpit. The present volume, according to his own account, was a work of great labour to him:—

Writing (he says) is to me the work of a slave. It is a delight, a joy, a rapture, to talk out one's thoughts in words that flash upon the mind at the instant when they are required; but it is poor drudgery to sit still and groan for thoughts and words without succeeding in obtaining them. Well may a man's books be called his "works," for, if every mind were constituted as mine, it would be work indeed to produce a quarto volume. Nothing but a sense of duty has impelled me to finish this little book, which has been more than two years on hand.

Let not Mr. Spurgeon, however, despair. There are passages in this volume which speak from the heart to the heart; there is genius, if not cultivation. But the author is as yet young; and if he studies our great masters of composition, who knows but that in process of time he will be able to print the right word as well as speak it—to impress the reader perhaps as much as the listener?

Mr. Bellevue, our other great popular preacher, has already obtained great distinction by his printed discourses, which will not be lessened by his new volume, *Five Occasional Sermons, lately preached in St. Philip's, Regent-street, together with a Discourse delivered on the Day of National Humiliation, October 7th, 1857*. By the Rev. J. C. M. BELLEVUE, S.C.L. (London: T. and W. Boone).—The sermon on the day of humiliation is peculiarly worthy of our notice, from the fact of the preacher's having personal cognizance—as late chaplain of St. John's Cathedral, Calcutta—

of the short-comings of England towards India. The following passage touches us home:

I speak now of us as a nation; and I think it is impossible to say how far this terrible sound of battle and of great destruction might have been averted if we had earnestly fulfilled our moral and religious obligations towards our Indian empire. Possessing so great a realm, we have nationally been indifferent to it. We have left it for a century, regarding it as a mere mercantile interest, and forgetting that we had in charge the bodies and souls of millions of our fellow-creatures. To those interested in India, the one subject of interest has been Indian stock, and the one subject of indifference has been the Indian people. Verily, and indeed, we have sown the wind, and we are now reaping the whirlwind. England! what hast thou done for those children of the East? How hast thou fulfilled thy mission there? By self-aggrandisement, by selfish appropriation and annexation. Year by year have we withdrawn millions of money from that land, levied by taxation upon the people, for which we have given them back—nothing!

This is, we fear, but too true; and we honour Mr. Bellevue for the manliness with which he asserts the fact, at a time when the press, and even the pulpit, breathe nothing but savage revenge for what has been mainly brought about by our own misgovernment.

The Fountain Sealed: a Memoir of Mary M. C. Methuen. By her Mother (Bath: Binns and Goodwin).—is one of those biographies of private individuals against which we have had so often to protest as being unfit for the public eye. There are hundreds and thousands of ladies as good and pious as the subject of the present memoir; but, were there a life of each to be published, we should soon have to alter our Copyright Act, since, in process of time, even the new building at the British Museum would not be able to contain them.

EDUCATION.

The First and Second Quarterly Reports of the Society for Promoting National Education. London: Joseph Bentley. 1857.

A few months ago, Mr. Joseph Bentley, of 13, Paternoster-row, established himself into The Society for Promoting National Education. The Society immediately took offices at 13, Paternoster-row, and appointed Mr. Bentley manager. The Manager then requested the Founder to undertake the office of publisher. The Publisher proceeded to publish four books which Mr. Bentley had written some years before, and which the Society without loss of time "secured and adopted" as its "text-books." The author of these "sound and simple" books also founded "The People's Self-Training College," at 13, Paternoster-row, of which college the Founder was appropriately appointed "the Professor." As soon as a class can be formed "the Founder will deliver the college course of penny and twopenny lectures," which lectures are based on the society's publications, which are used as text-books in the college. The Manager of the society also appointed the Professor to the office of Editor of the society's Quarterly Reports. The society appearing also to be in want of an Inspector, to inspect the schools of the United Kingdom, the Manager, with his usual good fortune, succeeded in meeting at once with a gentleman possessed of the requisite qualifications. The Inspector then proceeded "to carry out the objects" of the society, which appear from the prospectus to consist in the delivery of the society's lectures, the circulation of the books "adopted by the society," and the collection of funds for "extending the society's operations." The Inspector, in the course of his inspections, appears to have had to answer many troublesome inquiries, as: "What he was about? Who sent him? If it was a Government inquiry? What authority he had? Who paid all the expenses? and many other questions. To all he returned civil and kind, if not satisfactorily conclusive answers." In spite of these difficulties the Inspector has succeeded in "inspecting" 191 schools in various places; and in only one instance, we are told, was a policeman sent for to take him into custody. This was at Gravesend, where the Inspector, in opposition to the request of the clergyman present, was endeavouring to inspect the school by main force. But now the physical qualifications of the Inspector appear in a most favourable light. While "the stoutest man in the school" was pulling at him, and a second stout man "with his whole bodily force" was striving to push him into the street, he, "by a sudden vigorous jerk, slipped his body out of both their hands, happily without any

tearing of garments, and immediately stood smiling at them in the middle of the school." The Inspector then, "loud enough to be heard by every one in the school," proceeded to lecture the clergyman on the impropriety of his (the clergyman's) conduct; but, as this gentleman, strange to say, "did not show the slightest sign of repentance," the Inspector wisely effected his escape before the arrival of the policeman, who had been sent for to try and catch him. This account of some of the society's "operations" will be found on pp. 53—56 of the Second Quarterly Report; and we notice it in order to warn our clerical friends to submit to inspection with a good grace, as the Inspector is evidently able and willing to use physical force in discharging what he calls "his duty."

We can strongly recommend the society's reports as storehouses of amusing and instructive—we were going to say *facts*, but that, perhaps, is rather too strong a term. They contain, among other things, criticisms on the pulpit ministrations of sundry individual clergymen—suggestions as to an improved method of administering the Eucharist, by evading certain Rubrics—as well as some elaborate statements as to the comparative advantages of certain Life Insurance offices.

The great difficulty the society has met with appears to have been "in making the friends of education comprehend our mission." We must confess that a careful study of the publications of the society has not enabled us "to comprehend its mission" so clearly as we could have wished. We should like, among other things, to see the society's balance-sheet, to know specifically what has become of the subscriptions, to know whether there are auditors, and to know the names of any of the committee. We see in the list of subscribers the names of Lord Eglington and Lord Ebury, of Messrs. Sotherton Estcourt and Gore Langton. We should especially like to know whether these gentlemen are aware of, and approve of, the method in which the society they nominally support carries on "its operations." On all these points the society might, we think, condescend to afford information.

German Made Easy: a new, practical, and speedy method for self-instruction in the German Language. By M. SELIG. London: David Nutt. 1857.

Grammatical and Practical Guide to the German Language. By I. A. F. SCHMIDT. Part II. London: Marcus. 1857.

"GERMAN made easy" is Herr Selig's promise on his title-page; on every subsequent page "German made difficult" is the result that has been attained. If there be a royal road to the knowledge of that language, it has here at least been most effectually barricaded. The method is neither new, practical, nor speedy, but simply a combination of some of the worst features of the worst of bygone systems. We have in the first place a meagre accidence, without any syntax, or any explanation of the idiomatic peculiarities of German, or of the constructional differences of the two languages. Then follows an ill-selected vocabulary of some two or three thousand words, which the confiding student is told then and there to learn off by heart. The memory having been strengthened by this process, the pupil is favoured with a variety of travelling dialogues on road, rail, or river, of which the best that we can say is, that they are not more absurd or more useless than the numerous similar attempts which have so often been made before.

Herr Selig, moreover, vaunts loudly the merits of his new method of teaching the pronunciation. That it is perfectly new we have not the least doubt. Every German word is represented phonetically by an elaborate and complicated symbolism. After performing a laborious series of mental equations, the pupil arrives ultimately at certain sounds which seldom bear more than a remote resemblance to the German words which they are intended to represent. We have ere now footed it in many an outlying corner of the German Fatherland; but it has nowhere been our fortune to hear words at all resembling the singular sounds which result from a faithful adherence to Herr Selig's elaborate instructions.

Herr Schmidt, on the other hand, has produced a practical and sensible little book. He professes much less, but performs a great deal more, than Herr Selig. In this, the second part of the work, the rules of German syntax and the peculiarities of German idiom are first clearly expounded, and then copiously illustrated by appropriate exercises.

The book is not intended for self-tuition, and it is not sufficiently diffuse for very young or very stupid pupils; but, in the hands of a competent master, it would, we believe, enable a painstaking student to acquire German both rapidly and efficiently.

Model Schools: a Sketch of their Nature and Objects. Being an Inaugural Address delivered by PATRICK JOSEPH KEENAN, Esq., Head Inspector of National Schools (Ireland), on the occasion of the public opening of the Belfast Model School. London: Groombridge. 1857.

MR. KEENAN's address informs us that a gigantic National school has just been erected for the poor children of Belfast. This school already contains upwards of a thousand pupils, who, we are told, will be instructed in almost every branch of human knowledge, all which will be conveyed to them by the most competent teachers that can be found, and after the best possible methods that can be conceived. We shall be curious to learn how far Mr. Keenan's glowing anticipations have been actually realised.

Rodwell's Child's First Step to the History of England (Hall and Co.) has passed into a new edition, and it has been revised and corrected by Julia Corner. It is in the form of dialogue, and the language is adapted to the understandings of children.

First Lessons on the English Reformation, by B. B. Woodward, B.A., appears to be compiled with a view to infuse into the youthful mind anti-Protestant feelings. It leans against the Reformation.

M. de Beauvoisin has commenced the publication in parts of a series of *French Readings for Self-Instruction*. On the same page, side by side, is given the original and the literal English translation. "Gil Blas" is selected for the first work to be thus placed in the learner's hands.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa; including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa, and a Journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Loanda on the West Coast; thence across the Continent, down the River Zambesi to the Eastern Ocean. By DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., D.C.L. London: John Murray. 1857.

THE anxiety with which the public has expected this volume probably exceeds that which has heralded the advent of any work which has appeared during the last quarter of a century—with the single exception of Macaulay's history. And this is not to be wondered at. The mere announcement that we had a man among us who had penetrated the mystery of mysteries, who had actually crossed that mighty tract of land which in the centre of every map of that great and mysterious continent of Africa has hitherto been marked *unknown*, was of itself sufficient to rouse the least susceptible into a state of eager curiosity—of itself sufficient, without the additional stimulus supplied by missionary meetings, meetings of the Geographical Society, and more publicity than has been accorded to any traveller upon his return to his native land.

This work has been long expected; and now that it has arrived we are not surprised that it has taken so long in the making. Nature is not prodigal in her greatest gifts, and it is not often that she adopts a spoiled child, like the Admirable Crichton, upon whom to lavish in abundance all her choicest favours. A man cannot excel in many things; and Livingstone, though an admirable traveller, a daring, energetic, intelligent, and, above all, pious man, evidently does not wield the pen of a ready writer. In addition to a natural harshness and crudeness of style, arising no doubt from want of practice in the art of composition, it should be remembered that he spent many years almost without using his native tongue; and he himself tells us that when he embarked on board ship, upon his return to his native land, he seemed to have lost all facility in using the English language. His book, moreover, has evidently been constructed of rather rough materials, the journals which he kept upon his travels—and how these documents were jotted down, in the intervals of fatigue and under the most unfavourable circumstances, we can easily imagine—partly from these, and partly from the recollection of what he saw and did.

Another drawback is that to Dr. Livingstone has plainly been denied the art of telling a story so as to interest his readers. There are fifty professional book-makers of travel who would make a better book out of a journey from London to Herne Bay than Dr. Livingstone has made out of his great expedition across Africa. All these circumstances will tend to lessen the interest of the general reader, and will cause infinite disappointment to those who take up the book for mere amusement. To the student, the missionary, and the geographer the interest will always be great; though, perhaps, even these may regret, as they painfully win their way over the stony tracks of Dr. Livingstone's narrative, that he had not known how to render his valuable matter more attractive. The labour expended upon the work must have been enormous; for it everywhere bears marks of the most painful and laborious endeavours to embellish and polish up. We even suspect that more than one hand has been engaged in this task. If so, the labour has been entirely thrown away; for the work has defied all attempts to make it shapely, and there it stands, confused but sublime, like a heterogeneous mass of fragments thrown together by some tremendous accident of nature.

Dr. Livingstone begins by giving some account of his own descent and parentage. We pass these details over, only observing that his family was poor, and David Livingstone himself began life as a piecer in a cotton-mill. Such labour was then well paid for; and the lad was enabled, by his earnings, to attend medical and Greek classes. Afterwards he passed his medical examination, and was admitted a licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons. After this he was seized with a longing to adopt a missionary career, and first of all bent his eyes upon China. Owing, however, to the fact that the opium war was raging at the time, he was induced to reconsider the matter, and eventually embarked for Africa in 1840, under the direction of the London Missionary Society.

It would seem that from the first Livingstone was marked out as a likely pioneer for his brethren. His orders were, that as soon as he reached Kuruman or Lattakoo, the furthest inland station from the Cape, he was to turn his attention to the north. These orders he followed to the letter; and from the time of his arrival upon this frontier-land he was constantly penetrating further and further into the interior. From Kuruman he moved to Mabotsa, a beautiful valley in lat. 25° 14', and 26° 30' longitude. Here he fraternised with the natives to the extent of occasionally heading their lion-hunting expeditions. On one occasion Dr. Livingstone had a very narrow escape of his life, and did not get away without a severe wound.

Being about thirty years off, I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, "He is shot, he is shot!" Others cried, "He has been shot by another man too; let us go to him!" I did not see any one else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and, turning to the people, said, "Stop a little till I load again." When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout. Starting, and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebalwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mebalwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before, after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebalwe. He left Mebalwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakatia on the following day made a huge

bonfire over the carcass, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm.

Whilst referring to hunting matters, it is to be noted that Dr. Livingstone gives the support of his respectable testimony to everything which has been asserted by Mr. Gordon Cumming. In 1843, Dr. Livingstone attached to himself a tribe of natives called the Bakwains, and his labours among them were so successful that he converted their chief, Sechele, to Christianity. This worthy eventually arrived at such a pitch of decency, that he would not allow his wives to go to church unless they were properly dressed.

It may serve to throw some light upon the policy of affairs in the Cape, that Dr. Livingstone by no means approves of the proceedings of the Boers upon the frontier. These farmers, who seem to have no respect for either law or justice, harass the Kaffirs in every possible way. They will not submit themselves to English law, and they have made a sort of Lynch law of their own. Under pretence of warding off an inroad of the Kaffirs, they organise expeditions, and kidnap their children, to be employed in the labours of the fields. Dr. Livingstone's evidence upon this point is express, and merits attention.

It is difficult for a person in a civilised country to conceive that any body of men possessing the common attributes of humanity (and these Boers are by no means destitute of the better feelings of our nature) should with one accord set out, after loading their own wives and children with caresses, and proceed to shoot down in cold blood men and women, of a different colour, it is true, but possessed of domestic feelings and affections equal to their own. I saw and conversed with children in the houses of Boers who had, by their own and their master's account, been captured, and in several instances I traced the parents of these unfortunates; though the plan approved by the long-headed among the burghers, is to take children so young that they soon forget their parents and their native language also. It was long before I could give credit to the tales of bloodshed told by native witnesses, and had I received no other testimony but theirs I should probably have continued sceptical to this day as to the truth of the accounts; but when I found the Boers themselves, some bewailing and denouncing, others glorying in the bloody scenes in which they had been themselves the actors, I was compelled to admit the validity of the testimony, and try to account for the cruel anomaly.

Dr. Livingstone's first great expedition into the interior began on the 1st of June 1849, when he started from Kolobeng, accompanied by Messrs. Oswald and Murray (two Englishmen) and a party of natives. The notes of the journey are very loose, and are strung together without any apparent sequence. Few dates are given, but plenty of facts, principally referring to points of Natural History. On the 1st of August they found themselves on the banks of Lake Ngami (pronounced *Ingami*, with the *i* very slightly intoned), and prided themselves on the fact that it was "the first time that this fine-looking sheet of water was beheld by Europeans."

The southern portion is said to bend round to the west, and to receive the Teougue from the north at its north-west extremity. We could detect no horizon where we stood looking S.S.W.; nor could we form any idea of the extent of the lake except from the reports of the inhabitants of the district; and, as they professed to go round it in three days, allowing twenty-five miles a day would make it seventy-five, or less than seventy geographical miles in circumference. Other guesses have been made since as to its circumference, ranging between seventy and one hundred miles. It is shallow, for I subsequently saw a native punting his canoe over seven or eight miles of the north-east end; it can never, therefore, be of much value as a commercial highway. In fact, during the months preceding the annual supply of water from the north, the lake is so shallow that it is with difficulty cattle can approach the water through the boggy, reedy banks. These are low on all sides, but on the west there is a space devoid of trees, showing that the waters have retired thence at no very ancient date. This is another of the proofs of desiccation met with so abundantly throughout the whole country. A number of dead trees lie on this space, some of them embedded in the mud, right in the water. We were informed by the Bayeyi, who live on the lake, that, when the annual inundation begins, not only trees of great size, but antelopes, as the springbuck and tsessebe (*Acronotus lunata*), are swept down by its rushing waters; the trees are gradually driven by the winds to the opposite side, and become embedded in mud.

Shortly after this discovery the party returned to Kolobeng, and did not start again until April

1850, when the traveller was accompanied by Mrs. Livingstone, their three children, and the chief Sechele. The notes of the journey seem also to have been very loosely kept; for distances are scarcely ever given, and there is very seldom a date to guide us by. Anecdotes of the natives, sketches of the country, hunting adventures, and notes upon natural history, are heaped together in the most admired state of confusion. The reader will form some idea of what sort of a journal of travel this is when we tell him that only eighteen pages after the start (which occurred in April 1850) we find ourselves, in the end of June 1851, when Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Oswald discovered the river Zambesi. Here they were in the middle of the continent, and this river rolling before from three to six hundred yards of deep flowing water; yet the Portuguese, in their maps, make it rise far to the east of that spot. They were now in lands never visited by white man before; only we should have been better pleased if Dr. Livingstone had given us a circumstantial account of how he got there. Another page and a half brings us down to Cape Town again and to the month of April 1852 (It is astonishing how quickly the good Doctor gets over both time and space); here he put Mrs. Livingstone on board a ship for England, promising to rejoin them in two years—a promise which was destined to reach its fulfilment only after the expiration of five long years.

In the beginning of June 1852 Dr. Livingstone started on his last and longest journey into the interior of Africa. On starting, he was accompanied by two Bechuana servants from Kuruman, two Bakwains, and two young girls who were returning to Kolobeng. Upon arriving at Kuruman, he received intelligence of an attack which the Boers had made upon the Bakwains under his old friend Sechele. That chieftain himself communicated the intelligence in a letter which deserves quotation:

Friend of my heart's love, and of all the confidence of my heart, I am Sechele; I am undone by the Boers, who attacked me, though I had no guilt with them. They demanded that I should be in their kingdom, and I refused; they demanded that I should prevent the English and Griquas from passing (northwards). I replied, These are my friends, and I can prevent no one (of them). They came on Saturday, and I besought them not to fight on Sunday, and they assented. They began on Monday morning at twilight, and fired with all their might, and burned the town with fire, and scattered us. They killed sixty of my people, and captured women, and children, and men. And the mother of Balerling (a former wife of Sechele) they also took prisoner. They took all the cattle and all the goods of the Bakwains; and the house of Livingstone they plundered, taking away all his goods. The number of waggons they had was eighty-five and a cannon; and after they had stolen my own waggon and that of Macabe, then the number of their waggons (counting the cannon as one) was eighty-eight. All the goods of the hunters (certain English gentlemen hunting and exploring in the north) were burned in the town; and of the Boers were killed twenty-eight. Yes, my beloved friend, now my wife goes to see the children, and Kobus Hae will convey her to you.—I am, SECHELE, the Son of Mochoasele.

Sechele himself was so indignant at this treatment that he expressed his intention of coming to England immediately and complaining in person to the Queen. Perhaps, for the sake of Court modesty, it is fortunate that he was not enabled to carry this design into execution.

On explaining the difficulties of the way, and endeavouring to dissuade him from the attempt, on account of the knowledge I possessed of the governor's policy, he put the pointed question, "Will the Queen not listen to me, supposing I should reach her?" I replied, "I believe she would listen, but the difficulty is to get to her." "Well, I shall reach her," expressed his final determination. Others explained the difficulties more fully, but nothing could shake his resolution. When he reached Bloemfontein he found the English army just returning from a battle with the Basutos, in which both parties claimed the victory, and both were glad that a second engagement was not tried. Our officers invited Sechele to dine with them, heard his story, and collected a handsome sum of money to enable him to pursue his journey to England. The commander refrained from noticing him, as a single word in favour of the restoration of the children of Sechele would have been a virtual confession of the failure of his own policy at the very outset. Sechele proceeded as far as the Cape; but his resources being there expended, he was obliged to return to his own country, one thousand miles distant, without accomplishing the object of his journey.

From Kuruman the party proceeded onwards

into the Great Desert, where "the wind is in such an electric state that a bunch of ostrich feathers held a few seconds against it becomes as strongly charged as if attached to a powerful electrical machine, and clasps the advancing hand with a sharp crackling sound." Familiarity with danger does not belie the common proverb, for it seems to breed contempt of it. So at least one would infer from the result of Dr. Livingstone's intercourse with the King of Beasts.

When a lion is met in the daytime, a circumstance by no means unfrequent to travellers in these parts, if preconceived notions do not lead them to expect something very "noble," or "majestic," they will see merely an animal somewhat larger than the biggest dog they ever saw, and partaking very strongly of the canine features; the face is not much like the usual drawings of a lion, the nose being prolonged like a dog's; not exactly such as our painters make it, though they might learn better at the Zoological Gardens; their ideas of majesty being usually shown by making their lions' faces like old women in nightcaps. When encountered in the daytime, the lion stands a second or two gazing, then turns slowly round, and walks as slowly away for a dozen paces, looking over his shoulder; then begins to trot, and, when he thinks himself out of sight, bounds off like a greyhound.

On the 28th of January 1853 the party reached Letloche, a name connected with hunting reminiscences.

This spot was Mr. Gordon Cumming's furthest station north. Our house at Kolobeng having been quite in the hunting-country, rhinoceros and buffaloes several times rushed past, and I was able to shoot the latter twice from our own door. We were favoured by visits from this famous hunter during each of the five years of his warfare with wild animals. Many English gentlemen following the same pursuits paid their guides and assistants so punctually, that in making arrangements for them we had to be careful that four did not go where two only were wanted: they knew so well that an Englishman would pay that they depended implicitly on his word of honour, and not only would they go and hunt for five or six months in the north, enduring all the hardships of that trying mode of life, with little else but meat of game to subsist on, but they willingly went seven hundred or eight hundred miles to Graham's Town, receiving for wages only a musket, worth fifteen shillings.

In February, the heat grew to be so intense that at two inches below the soil the thermometer stood at 128°. In March, we find that "the hand cannot be held on the ground, and even the horny soles of the feet of the natives must be protected by sandals of hide; yet the ants were busy working on it. The water in the ponds was as high as 100°; but as water does not conduct heat readily downwards, deliciously cool water may be obtained by any one walking into the middle and lifting up the water from the bottom to the surface with his hands." Presently they arrived at Linyanti, where the whole population turned out to receive them. The chieftain of the people, Sekeletu, was very friendly with Dr. Livingstone, and rendered him invaluable aid in the prosecution of his journey. A scene between the chief and one Mpepe, a rebel member of his family, will serve to give some notion of the mode of administering justice in Africa.

Mpepe, armed with his little axe, came along a path parallel to, but a quarter of a mile distant from, that of our party; and when he saw Sekeletu he ran with all his might towards us; but Sekeletu, being on his guard, galloped off to an adjacent village. He then withdrew somewhere till all our party came up. Mpepe had given his own party to understand that he would cut down Sekeletu, either on their first meeting, or at the breaking up of their first conference. The former intention having been thus frustrated, he then determined to effect his purpose after their first interview. I happened to sit down between the two in the hut where they met: being tired with riding all day in the sun, I soon asked Sekeletu where I should sleep, and he replied, "Come, I will show you." As we rose together, I unconsciously covered Sekeletu's body with mine, and saved him from the blow of the assassin. I knew nothing of the plot, but remarked that all Mpepe's men kept hold of their arms, even after we had sat down—a thing quite unusual in the presence of a chief; and when Sekeletu showed me the hut in which I was to spend the night, he said to me, "That man wishes to kill me." I afterwards learnt that some of Mpepe's attendants had divulged the secret; and, bearing in mind his father's instructions, Sekeletu put Mpepe to death that night. It was managed so quietly, that, although I was sleeping within a few yards of the scene, I knew nothing of it till the next day. Nokoane went to the fire at which Mpepe sat, with a handful of snuff, as if he were about to sit down and regale himself therewith. Mpepe said to him,

"Nsepe held on another out a n execut thought too tig will so Mpepe visible which Linyanti "On kin"—bitter sex, so plain, are so they c people

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"Nsepsa" (cause me to take a pinch); and, as he held out his hand, Nokuane caught hold of it, while another man seized the other hand, and, leading him out a mile, speared him. This is the common mode of executing criminals. They are not allowed to speak; though on one occasion a man, feeling his wrist held too tightly, said, "Hold me gently, can't you? you will soon be led out in the same way yourselves." Mpepe's men fled to the Barotse, and, it being unadvisable for us to go thither during the commotion which followed on Mpepe's death, we returned to Linyanti.

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin"—and as in England we have fair ladies bitterly exclaiming against the wrongs of the sex, so in Linyanti the darker beauties "complain, because the proportions between the sexes are so changed now, that they are not valued as they deserve." The habits of these primitive people are most interesting.

All are remarkably fond of their cattle, and spend much time in ornamenting and adorning them. Some are branded all over with a hot knife, so as to cause a permanent discolouration of the hair, in lines like the bands on the hide of a zebra. Pieces of skin two or three inches long and broad are detached, and allowed to heal in a dependent position around the head—a strange style of ornament; indeed, it is difficult to conceive in what their notion of beauty consists. The women have somewhat the same ideas with ourselves of what constitutes comeliness. They came frequently and asked for the looking-glass; and the remarks they made—while I was engaged in reading, and apparently not attending to them—on first seeing themselves therein, were amusingly ridiculous. "Is that me?" "What a big mouth I have!" "My ears are as big as pumpkin leaves." "I have no chin at all." Or, "I would have been pretty, but am spoiled by these high cheek bones." "See how my head shoots up in the middle!" laughing vociferously all the time at their own joke. They readily perceive any defect in each other, and give nicknames accordingly. One man came alone to have a quiet gaze at his own features once, when he thought I was asleep: after twisting his mouth about in various directions, he remarked to himself, "People say I am ugly, and how very ugly I am indeed!"

In May 1853, Dr. Livingstone was seized by a fever, from which he recovered with difficulty, and departed from Linyanti after a month's stay, accompanied by the chief Sekeletu, whose presence had great influence in smoothing all difficulties. Dr. Livingstone's delight at passing through lands "never before viewed by Europeans" was extreme. After paying a visit to the extremities of Sekeletu's dominions the whole party returned to Linyanti, where Dr. Livingstone found it necessary to make considerable alterations in the personnel of his party. The three men whom he had brought from the South had to be sent back, being quite incapacitated by fever. Thanks, however, to the friendly disposition of Sekeletu, he was enabled to collect a much larger party than before, and, finally, on the 11th of November, he set out once more from Linyanti, accompanied by Sekeletu as far as the river Chobe, where the party embarked in canoes.

(To be continued.)

Tiger-shooting in India: being an Account of Hunting Experience on Foot in Rajpootana during the Hot Season from 1830 to 1854. By WILLIAM RICE, Lieut. 25th Regt. Bombay N.I. London. 1857.

Brazil and the Brazilians, portrayed in Historical and Descriptive Sketches. By the Rev. D. P. KIDDER and the Rev. J. C. FLETCHER. Philadelphia; and Trübner, London.

Six Months at Sebastopol: being Selections from the Journal and Correspondence of the late Major George Ranken, Royal Engineers. By his Brother. London: Westerton.

The worst of tiger-shooting must be that all other shooting afterwards will appear very tame. It is sport indeed, calling forth the faculties of the mind and body, keeping the eye and the ear upon the strain to discover the slightest rustling in the grass or quivering of a bough; the sense of personal danger invoking the consciousness of courage to face it with coolness, and the thoughts vigilant to anticipate any emergency, and to prepare for it. For Captain Rice did not adopt the customary practice of tiger-shooting from the back of an elephant; he preferred to go on foot, attended by a party of natives, who tracked the game and beat the covers for him, and whose bravery and endurance he warmly eulogises.

And what a bag was his! The sport here recorded extended over 365 days, and it yielded 68 tigers killed and 30 wounded; 3 panthers killed and 4 wounded; 25 bears killed and 26

wounded; total, 156 head of large game, besides a multitude of lesser game, as peacocks, pheasants, and such small deer. In the course of these adventures he had many narrow escapes of his life, and he was wounded more than once. But for the details of this exciting sport reference must be had to the volume, of which we can only present a specimen of the quality. Here is

A NARROW ESCAPE.

We had taken up our position on a very steep bank, and were anxiously waiting for the tiger's appearance, when, just as the noise of the beaters commenced, we were surprised by a stone falling from above, and a little to the right of where we were posted. On looking up, we saw a splendid panther coming straight towards us. This compelled us to fire; had he been merely passing, as we were after nobler game, we should have let him alone for the time. We struck him with four bullets, on which he bounded down a small branch of the big ravine, and was lost to sight, but only for a few moments; for, thinking he was bolting off, we each seized a spare gun, and were running after him to get a parting shot, when, to my astonishment, I saw the panther in the act of charging down from a high rock directly over head. Instantly stopping short, I blazed both barrels into the beast, and then sprang off the rock ledge on which we were standing into a small tree below. Little, seeing me fire, immediately got ready, and, as the panther was in the act of leaping after me, by an admirable shot in the head actually rolled him over in the air while making his spring in a most determined charge. The panther came tumbling down head over heels, completely doubled up, through the boughs of the tree into which I had jumped, and fell dead at the foot of it. Little was only about three or four yards off at the time he made this wonderfully lucky shot, which no doubt saved me from a good mauling, if not even worse.

And here is another peril:

At length a man thought they must be hid in some very thick "corinda" bushes on the opposite bank of the river; so I waded across the stream, which was about four feet deep, and by carefully looking under the bush, while standing in the water with my rifle all ready, thought I could at last make out what appeared to be part of a tiger; but the bush was so thick and dark that nothing could be distinctly seen, though I was but a very few yards off. On returning to my friend on the opposite bank, we agreed to fire a volley on guess into the bush; so sent all the men well to the rear, to be out of danger. After our first shots all was still, so I fancied that no tiger could, after all, be in the bush; but presently there was a slight movement, we poured in more shots, and directly afterwards a tiger appeared, which we shot dead by a ball in his skull; the beast fell half in the water down the sloping bank. Thinking that all the sport was now over, the men, in a body, went round to the dead tiger by a ford higher up the river, and were standing close round it, pointing out to each other the shot holes, admiring the skin, and talking over its death and the mischief it had done to their cattle, as they usually do, when all of a sudden a most appalling roar was heard to proceed from the very midst of them, as it were. The effect this caused was ludicrous in the extreme, for with one accord they precipitated themselves into the stream with a great splash, and regained the opposite bank in the utmost terror, each struggling to be first across the river. On hearing this roar, all our guns being unloaded at the time, and knowing there must be another tiger close by, we also sought safety in flight. Little got under a bush, while I quickly gained the top of a large thorn-tree nearest me, well scratched in the process; for at the time my costume was extremely scanty, as, on coming out of the water, feeling much chilled, I had taken off my clothes to dry in the sun, and was standing in merely my brown shirt. The next moment we were horrified to hear that a man had been killed. The panic now being over, we reloaded and hastened to the spot, where we were delighted to find that the man was not dead, but had been merely knocked down by a tiger, and severely clawed.

There is great spirit in the following description of

AN UNEXPECTED FIND.

On going up to a large thick bush, about sixty yards off, to my astonishment out jumped the tiger from the opposite side, and in a few bounds made across the dry bed of a river that was close by. Directly "Wall" saw the tiger, which he doubtless mistook for some new sort of deer, he set off after him, giving tongue all the while, and keeping within two or three yards only of the brute's heels. In vain I whistled and called back the dog; for presently we heard him, evidently baying the tiger, among some high reeds and bushes on the opposite bank of the river. Suddenly, one of the Bheels who had followed me called out that the tiger was coming back, and instantly ran off for his life in the surrounding thick jungle. I looked up and sure enough saw the tiger coming straight towards me, closely followed by the dog. The beast had nearly recrossed the river-bed in a few bounds, and was within thirty yards of me, when, without taking any particular aim, I pitched up the rifle and fired. Then, flinging down the empty gun,

I dived amongst the dense thorn bushes, taking in my headlong flight the same road the Bheel had done before me; for, while jumping across some wide deep rocks, I passed this man, and left him groaning at the bottom of the rocks, down which he had fallen, having missed his footing. Being convinced that the wounded tiger was after us, I was uncharitable enough to feel extremely glad that I was not now the last and most likely to be caught by him.

They heard nothing of the tiger; so,

After debating some time, the two Bheels agreed to return with me to recover my rifle; and very cautiously we went, half expecting to meet the tiger at every step. At length I found and quickly reloaded my rifle, and was about to return, when the thought occurred to me to see if there was any blood about the spot where I fired at the tiger. Scarcely had we gone half a dozen paces, when, to my great astonishment and delight, I saw the tiger lying quite dead. He had been killed by the merest accident; the bullet, without entering his skull, had grazed the extreme top of it, leaving a long wound, more like a cut from an axe than a ball. This tiger measured eleven feet six inches, and was very stout.

A formidable enemy of the tiger is

THE WILD DOG.

The wild dog is about eighteen inches high, of a brick-red or bright fox colour, with a thick bushy tail tipped with black; the ears are also black, pointed, and upright. They are the most determined enemies of the tiger, hunting him whenever they meet with him. I have been assured by Bheels that they have sometimes seen a tiger attempt to save himself by climbing trees. On the approach of the men the wild dogs dispersed, when the tiger jumped down and gladly made his escape. This I firmly believe to be a fact; for the story arose out of a casual remark one Bheel made to another in my hearing, as we were passing a certain large tree (with a straight stump about five yards high before the branches began, up which a tiger had jumped), in another part of the country over which I was hunting. Perhaps these dogs hunt the tiger for poaching on their deer, or it may be only the old antipathy between cat and dog on a large scale.

A great pest of a neighbourhood called Jaal was a tiger known by the name of "the Man-eater," from its frequent successful sorties upon the people, whom it carried off repeatedly. News came that the beast had just pounced upon a poor woman, who was cutting grass not far from the town:

This sad account seemed to excite the whole place. A large crowd of men at once volunteered to accompany us in pursuit of this tiger, bringing with them drums, horns, &c., and being for the most part well armed, to assist in beating up this brute's quarters. It was very easy work following the course the tiger had taken with his victim; for strips of clothing, hair, and blood were plentiful enough on the bushes through which he had dragged his prey. Everybody seemed in the highest state of excitement, for we momentarily expected to view the tiger as we pressed on—keeping, however, well together—through the high grass and thorn-bushes. At length, after following the tracks for nearly two miles, we came upon the body of the poor woman, which the tiger had dropped at the entrance of a long deep cave, or rather the mouth of one of the numerous disused iron-pits that were scattered around. She was quite dead, and must have been killed instantly, the back of the skull being smashed in flat.

On this occasion they did not fall in with the enemy, but the next year they were more successful. The party resolved to intercept the beast on its return from one of its nocturnal forays:

Our calculations were well-founded, for scarcely had we heard the first faint noise of the drums and pistol-shots, when, to our inconceivable joy, we saw the tigress making direct for our post. We allowed her to come at a long trot close on within about ten yards, when both our rifles simultaneously discharged dropped her. Two other shots made the kill secure. Great was the excitement of the people on hearing of our good luck. Men at once ran off with the news, and the whole populace turned out to meet us on our return with the body, which was carried in triumph on small trees, hastily cut down for the purpose, through the town to our tent. Here we were met, as in this part of the country seems usual, by a bevy of females, the youngest and fairest of whom advanced and presented us with bunches of gay flowers, while the rest continued loudly singing some poetry in praise of all tiger-killers, generally recited on these occasions. Altogether a very pretty custom, quite dramatic! We got back to our tents about an hour after sunrise.

Truly a very pretty custom.

Although not the only book that has given us an extensive knowledge of the thriving empire of the Brazils, the volume sent to us from America supplies by far the best and most complete account that has been published. Messrs. Kidder

and Fletcher are American missionaries, who have lived in the country for many years, and explored it extensively, enjoying opportunities of access to domestic circles from which the ordinary traveller is excluded. They have seen the inner life of the people, as well as the external aspects of the country; and, being reflecting as well as observing men, and accustomed to think for themselves and see with their own eyes, they have produced a book which will be popular for present reading while being also a permanent acquisition to the library.

Few, probably, clearly comprehend the actual magnitude of the Brazil, or appreciate the present wealth and power, and the almost certain future greatness, of that empire of the southern hemisphere. She offers a boundless field for commerce, which is growing almost as fast as our own. Her institutions are quite as free as the existing stage of civilisation will admit. The Emperor is a man of uncommon ability, a warm patron of science, art, and literature, with opinions in advance of his people on almost all subjects. Slavery has been abolished, and the two races mingle freely, without any of that fearful caste prejudice that prevails in the colonies which England has peopled. But it would be impossible merely to catalogue the promising features of this great country. All who would form a conception of its actual condition should peruse this volume, from which we can only gather some partial extracts to show the quality of the composition.

In Brazil the law recognises no distinction of blood, and this is the condition of

THE COLOURED RACE.

In Brazil everything is in favour of freedom; and such are the facilities for the slave to emancipate himself, and, when emancipated, if he possess the proper qualifications, to ascend to higher eminences than those of a mere free Black, that "fruit" will be written against slavery in this empire before another half-century rolls around. Some of the most intelligent men that I met with in Brazil—men educated at Paris and Coimbra—were of African descent, whose ancestors were slaves. Thus, if a man have freedom, money, and merit, no matter how black may be his skin, no place in society is refused him. It is surprising also to observe the ambition and the advancement of some of these men with negro blood in their veins. The National Library furnishes not only quiet rooms, large tables, and plenty of books to the seekers after knowledge, but pens and paper are supplied to such as desire these aids to their studies. Some of the closest students thus occupied are Mulattoes. The largest and most successful printing establishment in Rio—that of Sr. F. Paulo Brito—is owned and directed by a Mulatto. In the colleges, the medical, law, and theological schools, there is no distinction of colour. It must, however, be admitted that there is a certain though by no means strong prejudice existing all over the land in favour of men of pure White descent. By the Brazilian laws, a slave can go before a magistrate, have his price fixed, and can purchase himself; and I was informed that a man of mental endowments, even if he had been a slave, would be debarrd from no official station, however high, unless it might be that of Imperial Senator.

Immigration and colonisation receive great encouragement from the Government, and are conducted systematically. A distinguished Senator, named Vergueiro, has a scheme of his own, which he is practically working out.

That system may be stated in few words. Sr. Vergueiro has in Europe an agent who communicates with cantonal and communal authorities and with private individuals, offering inducements to the able-bodied poor who wish to emigrate with their families to the New World. The emigrant, at his option, can defray his own expenses to Brazil, or, permitting Sr. Vergueiro to transport him, he (the emigrant) agrees in such case to refund at his own time and convenience the price of his passage, at a small rate of interest. The agent at Hamburg charts a vessel, and thus a large number of colonists are enabled to seek a new home at a very moderate outlay. Sr. V. guarantees on his part to defray all the expenses of the colonists from the sea-coast to his plantations, and on their arrival at their final destination to furnish each head of a family with a house, so many thousand coffee-trees, proportioned to the number of each family, and to supply all with provisions, articles of clothing, &c., at wholesale prices. The colonist, on his part, agrees to tend faithfully his allotted portion of coffee-trees, to share the profits and expenses of the crop, and not to leave without giving one year's notice and paying his indebtedness (if any exist) for passage-money advanced. This contract is very simple, and is a safe investment for both contracting parties. During the year 1854, the result of the coffee-culture on the plantation of Ybecaba was one million six hundred thousand pounds, of which one half of the expenses and profits belong to the labourers. I visited the cottages of the colonists about one mile from the manor. As I

passed along, I was constantly saluted by cheerful Swiss and German workmen, some of whom were surrounded by noisy and joyous fair-headed children, who capered about with as much life and glee as if at the foot of the Hartz or in the valleys of the Oberland. The larger portion of the colonists were Roman Catholics; but I did not leave before every opportunity was afforded for their obtaining the Scriptures both in Portuguese and German. Some of the colonists have thriven remarkably, having in five years' time gained five and seven thousand milreis (2500 dollars and 3500 dollars). The state of morals was certainly most creditable when comparing it with that of the countries whence they came. From 1847 to '55 (the period of my visit), among several hundred labourers of the humblest classes of German and Swiss, not an illegitimate child had been born. The Vergueiros encourage the marriage institution, as not only essential to purity, but for the interest of both planter and colonist. There are now about one thousand European workmen, including children. Ybecaba is a small plantation, containing but five or six square miles; but near by the V.s possess a fazenda not so well cultivated, but three times as large. At Angelica they own a new plantation, well adapted to the culture of coffee, which is twelve leagues in circumference. Hitherto Blacks have been employed upon this large estate; but it is the intention of the proprietor to introduce as soon as possible free White labourers. I demanded of Sr. Luiz Vergueiro if it were mere philanthropy which prompted their efforts to introduce free labour. He replied, most promptly and decidedly, "We find the labour of a man who has a will of his own, and interests at stake, vastly more profitable than slave labour."

Major Ranken was killed in the unpleasant duty of demolishing the White Buildings at Sebastopol, after its evacuation by the Russians. He was a writer for the periodicals, and an active philanthropist. He preserved a very full journal of the Crimean war, which his friends have published, rightly judging it to be an acceptable contribution to the contemporary history of that great event. Major Ranken was one of those engaged in the attack on the Redan. He led the ladder-party; he was among the first to reach and the last to leave it. As the narrative of an eyewitness and participator, this account of it will be read with great interest, and no apology will be needed for its length.

THE ATTACK ON THE REDAN.

These arrangements being made, I awaited the signal to advance; silently calling upon God to aid and assist me in doing my duty, and if it were His will, to preserve my life. Suddenly there was a shout that the French were attacking the Malakoff. I looked over the parapet, and saw them rushing up the salient. They were apparently unresisted. The French flag in a minute was seen waving on the ramparts. All this happened so instantaneously, that it took us all by surprise. We had anticipated a hard struggle, and we were ordered not to advance till a decided success had been achieved; but, as it were, in a second the dreaded Malakoff had fallen into the hands of the French. Our men could be no longer restrained; before there was time to get the ladders to the front, and before the sappers could advance to cut away the abatis, they rushed in a straggling line over the parapets, and dashed onwards to the salient. I hurried up my sappers as fast as I could, shouting to them till I was nearly hoarse, and ran forward with them and the ladder-party, with a drawn sword in my hand (my scabbard and belt I left behind). In the hurry and confusion, many ladders were left behind. There was, however, little excuse for this, as the men had had their places distinctly assigned to them, and should not have left the trench without their ladders. It was, of course, impossible to perceive that anything of the kind had occurred, and still more impossible to have rectified it had it been known. The only word was "Forward"; the only course to pursue, to advance as rapidly as possible. Nearly 200 yards of rough broken ground and an abatis had to be crossed under the enemy's fire. The men advanced with the greatest spirit. I could see bodies dead and wounded lying along and strewn the ground on each side of me, as I pressed forward, shouting continually to the men to advance and not to pause for an instant. When I came to the abatis, I found five men nearly exhausted carrying a ladder and trying to get it over the opposing branches; the remaining three men composing the party of eight had probably been killed or wounded in the advance. I lent them my aid and urged them on. The edge of the ditch was soon reached, and I was relieved to find the ditch not nearly so formidable as it had been represented, and as I had good reason, from the solidity and extent of the Russian defences, to suppose it was likely to prove. I was prepared for a broad deep ditch, flanked by *caponnières*, and for military pits, *chevaux-de-frise*, palisades, and all kinds of obstacles. The dreaded ditch of the Redan, however, proved nothing but a simple trench, perhaps fourteen or fifteen deep at the counterscarp, and twenty or rather more at the escarp. I kept my ladders rather to the right of the salient angle, having been warned that the flanking fire would probably be severe up the

proper left face. Half a dozen or so were lowered and reversed in a minute, and the men poured up them with eager haste. I set to work with every sapper I could get hold of, or to whom amid the din I could make myself audible, to tear down the rubble stone work with which the salient of the escarp was revetted, and form a ramp practicable for ascent without ladders. The long continuance of dry weather which preceded the assault must be regarded as a very favourable circumstance. The gabions staked to the ground with wooden spikes (with which the counterscarp was riveted) were torn down, and used in forming, with rocks, stones, and *débris*, a small parapet across the ditch of the proper left face, and a similar counter-*caponnière* thrown up also on the other side. I had to work, however, with my own hands; it was difficult to get any one to do anything: the men, as they straggled up to the assault in support of the advance, seemed stunned and paralysed—there was little of that dash and enthusiasm which might have been looked for from British soldiers in an assault; in fact, it required all the efforts and example of their officers to get the men on, and these were rendered almost ineffective from the manner in which the various regiments soon got confused and jumbled together. The men, after firing from behind the traverses near the salient for half an hour at the enemy—also firing behind his parapets and traverses—began to waver. I rushed up the salient with the view of cheering them on, and the officers exerted themselves to sustain them: the men gave a cheer and went at it afresh. The supports or reserves, ordered to follow, straggled up in inefficient disorder, but were unable to press into the work, as the men in advance, occupying the salient, refused to go on, notwithstanding the devoted efforts of the officers to induce them to do so. Whether it was that they dreaded some secret trap, or some mine which would destroy the whole of them at once—whether it was that the long and tedious siege works had lowered their morale—or whether it was owing to the dreadful manner in which their Division (the Light, most injudiciously selected to lead) had been cut up in previous actions—it is a melancholy truth that the majority of the assaulting column did not display the spirit and dash of thorough good soldiers when assaulting the enemy. They refused, however, to retreat, and seemed to look round for aid: I trembled when I saw no one coming, and looked continually, anxiously, round for the reserves I considered as a matter of course would be advanced immediately it was perceived that the leading columns had failed to carry the position and were commencing to waver. It was in vain, however, to look: our generals had left their reserves about on hour's march in the rear, so that even if our soldiers had charged forwards, as they should have done, they would probably have found themselves compromised, surrounded by the enemy, and immolated, before any assistance could have been brought to them. I had just given directions to the fraction of the working party of 100 men told off to me, which reached the ditch, what they were to do, and was returning towards the salient, when the ad and repulse took place. What brought matters completely to a crisis I have never exactly ascertained; I heard directly after I regained our trenches that three officers of the 41st, after vainly striving to induce the men to advance, rushed forward together, and were all three shot down like one man by the cross-fire of the Russians behind their parapets. This was the turning-point, according to this account, of the men's indecision; they wavered and fled. I was near the counterscarp when I saw the whole living mass on the salient begin reeling and swaying to and fro; in a moment I found myself knocked down and lying on my face, with a number of men scrambling over me—their bayonets running through my clothes. I expected to have been stunned and bayoneted, and to have been left insensible in the ditch, or shot by the enemy, before I could drag myself out of it. However, at last I saw an opening, and, holding on by my hands and knees, managed to force my way to it through the moving mass, and regain my legs. I ran then as fast as I could towards our advanced trenches, the grape whistling past me like hail, and the Russians standing on the top of their parapets and firing volleys into the crowd of fugitives. In our trenches all was shame, rage, and fear—the men were crowded together and disorganised. It was hopeless to attempt to renew the attack with the same troops.

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

Mauleverer's Divorce: a Story of Woman's Wrongs.

By the Author of "Whitefriars." London: Charles J. Skeet. 1858.

The Lady of Glynn. By the Author of "Margaret and her Bridesmaids." London: Hurst and Blackett. 1857.

CONTRIVENCY novels are seldom amusing. By "contrivency novels" we mean to designate those works of fiction which, instead of presenting any real or ideal pictures of nature, are intentional distortions or caricatures of the truth, written

for the purpose of giving undue weight to one side of an argument. Having said this, we may at once add that, although *Mauleverer's Divorce* is a "controversy novel," and although it is in some respects one of the worst and most dangerous works which we have perused for some time past, yet it has power enough to fix and fascinate the attention of the reader—a power so great, that, coupled as it is with an entire absence of any moral principle and a gloomy bad-hearted view of human nature, we feel constrained to say to those who have any influence in the matter, keep this book from the young.

The author of *Mauleverer's Divorce* is an authoress. She is already known to us as the writer of "Whitefriars," "The City Banker," the play of "Richelieu in Love," and some other works, all plainly emanating from a powerful mind, but none of them remarkable for any very feminine refinement of either thought or expression last. This, however, exceeds anything which we have as yet received from the same pen—exceeds, indeed, in the unbridled licence of its deviations from what are called the decencies of life, anything which has appeared in the respectable walks of literature for many a long year. Without reverting to the times of Mrs. Aphra Behn we are at a loss to find a pendant to this authoress; and we imagine that even the statesman selected as the subject of a somewhat eccentric dedication will himself feel more flattered than pleased at the public offering of such a gift. This dedication is itself so notable a curiosity, that we cannot resist the temptation of reproducing it, exactly as it appears upon the fly-leaf of the work, the rather that it supplies in a very concise and intelligible manner the key-note to the intention of the whole work:

TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS . MINISTER . OF . ENGLAND . CHOSEN . BY . A . SOVEREIGN'S . GRACIOUS . WILL . BUT . WHOM . A . POPULAR . ELECTION . WOULD . HAVE . PLACED . ON . THE . SAME . WORLD-COMMANDING . EMINENCE . A . WOMAN . WHO . IS . GRATEFUL . TO . HIM . FOR . THE . UNSHAKEN . COURAGE . AND . RESOLVE . WITH . WHICH . DESPISING . THE . CLAMOURS . OF . INTERESTED . AND . BIGOTED . FACTIONS . HE . FIRST . OF . ALL . ENGLISH . STATESMEN . HAS . COMMENCED . THE . GENEROUS . JUSTICE . OF . RESTORING . THE . SEXES . TO . A . LEGAL . EQUALITY . REVERENTLY . INSCRIBES . THIS . MEMORIAL . OF . THE . WORKINGS . OF . THE . BARBAROUS . LAWS . HITHERTO . SUPREME . IN . WRONG . OVER . RIGHT .

The reader will perceive that the authoress is one of those malcontents who regard her sex as victims to the tyranny of man, and proceeds to prove their want of increased freedom of action, by taking more liberties than our modest pen well cares to do more than refer to.

The first volume introduces us to the Pomeroy of Mauleverer, an august family in Glamorganshire. The heroine, Hugh-Helena Pomeroy, is the heiress, because the sole child, of Lord Mauleverer. From her earliest years she has bitter experience of her sex's wrongs, seeing that her mother is terribly bullied by her father, and she herself, after being well abused by both her father and grandfather for the heinous offence of being a girl, is confided to the charge of a mental and moral torturer, in the shape of a French governess, one Madame Le Crampon, who has full powers to extract every atom of nature out of her composition. The tyranny exercised by this woman becomes at last so insupportable that Hugh-Helena, who had just passed the age of fifteen, takes advantage of the absence of her parents, escapes from Mauleverer Castle, and takes refuge in the Glamorganshire mountains, at the house of a rich mining adventurer, named Suetts. Subsequent events prove that when the Suetts received the fugitive they were fully aware of the real importance of the person whom they harboured. This information they derived from Miss Sophia Sutcliffe, a governess in the family, who was acquainted with the person of the heiress of Mauleverer—who was, moreover, a person endowed with the most devilish craft, and the most supreme contempt for anything like moral principle. The object of the Suetts was to bring about a match between the heiress and their eldest son, Scarlatt Suetts, a young man of rare personal beauty, but also totally devoid of principle. For this purpose they all affected to be ignorant of the real position of Miss Pomeroy, in order that Scarlatt's addresses, being paid to an apparently penniless and friendless girl, might have all the appearance of being disinterested. In this plot they were aided not only by the intriguing Sophia, but also by the Reverend Carolus Luxmoor, the private tutor of Scarlatt Suetts—a character for whose portrait the Estab-

lishment has great reason to be grateful to the authoress of "Mauleverer's Divorce." This Luxmoor was in reality the husband of Sophia Sutcliffe, and a more evenly-matched pair it would be difficult to imagine. He is described as being a man of rare abilities, no less than a senior wrangler, and one of the tutors of his college—a drunkard, however, a debauchee of the most degraded order, with a face having "the leering levity of the satyr in it." Into the private practices of this ornament of the Church the authoress enters with much gusto, when she leads Sophia to relate her private history to Hugh-Helena; but how far the sketch is true to nature such of our readers as know anything of Cambridge life will understand, when the ill-used wife is made to complain that her rival in her husband's affections was "his laundry-woman," who had won her way to his affections by the skill which she exhibited in cooking for him. Enough, however, of these crapulous details, though the authoress does not hesitate to cover many pages with them. To return to the thread of the story, it may be observed that the elder Suetts pretended ignorance as to what was going on, and that the only one whom the heiress had to warn her of the danger she was incurring was a lad of noble birth, one Sir Vivian ap Howell, the poor but proud descendant of the ancient owners of the soil, those who had ruled the land before the Suetts honeycombed it with their mines and blackened its fair prospects with their chimneys. This scion of an ancient race hated the Suetts cordially, although the elder of that name was his guardian, loved Hugh-Helena with all the fervour of a chivalrous soul, and tried all in his power to baffle the wily schemes of the Suetts, Miss Sutcliffe, and Luxmoor. It was all in vain, however; the personal charms of Scarlatt were too attractive to the silly, young, headstrong girl, and before Lord Mauleverer could return from the Continent in time to prevent the catastrophe, his heiress had consented to elope with the son of the low-born miner. The scene of the elopement is graphically told. Vivian made a supreme effort to save her whom he loved.

In a few instants the speed of the four splendid horses, which it was part of the elder Suetts's state to exhibit on any occasion of family display, conveyed his eldest son and his tutor to the spot. Scarlatt leaped out of the vehicle instantly, and approached me, without even observing Vivian, in his first eagerness of triumph and love. "Dearest! all is right! all is well! I am already the happiest of men!" And he clasped me with rapturous delight in his arms, and was about to hasten with me to the carriage, when he suddenly confronted Vivian. There was that in the young lad's murky visage which for a moment made Scarlatt pause, and almost relinquish his hold of me.

"What the devil do you mean, Sir Vivian?" he said, after a moment's startled consideration. "Are you here to murder me—like an assassin and a coward—after all your fine talk of being a soldier and a gentleman?"

"No," replied the boy, with stern concision. "Take one of my weapons, and go with me a few paces into the cavern before us. Whichever of us comes out alive will then be rid of what else must prove, in a worse manner, a mortal foe." . . . We were all silent and at a standstill with amazement.

"So you want to fight a duel with me, do you?" said Scarlatt at last. "Or is this mere bravado, because you know that I have always condemned the practice as a barbarism of the past, and declared that I would never raise my hand in a private quarrel?"

I own that these words did not affect me pleasingly, though I was quaking but a moment before with terror, lest any harm should befall my lover from the wild lad's menaces.

"Then you are A COWARD! and I have always thought you one!" was the passionate rejoinder.

Scarlatt's usually florid complexion grew of a perfectly bloodless hue—a much more fearful demonstration of internal feeling than the darkest flush. But he made no other observation than turning to inquire of me, "Are you ready, dearest? will you come?"

"I will come! O, Vivian, could you commit a murder?"

"A murder?" he repeated vacantly, and almost like a person rousing from a perturbed opium slumber. "He will not defend himself, then! And this is the man you have chosen for a husband, daughter of a hundred bright-branded chevaliers! No matter, no matter! Answer me but one question. Do you really love this man, after what you have seen?"

"With my whole soul, with my whole heart!" I replied, anxious to deprive him of all incentive to interfere.

"He is your husband, then, in the sight of God!" he answered, with a wild and haggard look. "Let him become so also in the sight of man—in my sight

—before you leave this valley—and I am content! Your honour will then be assured; but these men are base enough to place even that at their mercy."

"What do you mean?" inquired Scarlatt, with irrepressible amazement.

"This grinning jackal, Luxmoor, is yet a priest! these stones support what was once a temple! Be united by such formulas as he should have at command, in my presence, and go in peace! Otherwise I will kill the first man, or the first woman even, who dares to remove Miss Pomeroy from my protection!"

"I have heard that the Ap Howels have been mad for generations, though they have never been placed in strait-waistcoats! You are keeping up the charter, Sir Vivian! But, upon my honour, I have not the slightest objection to the plan!" said Scarlatt, laughing, though scarcely with the satisfaction he announced.

"It is so much time gained, and making assurance doubly sure—though that is no great advantage when we are forging the chains of Hymen!" said the horrid Luxmoor, with a peculiar leer at his wife. "Yet, for my own part too, I have no objection to make, though we are scarcely going to work canonically, I fear! You always carry your father's Prayer-book, I know, Sophia, as an amulet against the Old Gentleman! We shall manage it! Have at you, my hearties!"

And this unrepentant clerk began to mutter the matrimonial service from a little, old, crumpled book Sophia handed to him, while we all walked, in a strange kind of mechanical obedience, under the stones of the ancient temple of human sacrifice. It was a fitting one in which to make an English wife.

The "English wife" having disposed of her hand in this remarkably prudent and decorous manner (by the way, our authoress does not tell us by what law—short of one repealing human nature—she would propose to secure young ladies against the foolish mistakes which they make when they are misled by the appetite of the eye), the wedding party proceeded to Scotland, and thence upon the Continent. Lord Mauleverer refused for some time to receive any communication from either his daughter or her husband. Eventually a child was born, and the happy couple returned to Plas Newydd, the residence of the Suetts. Here, thanks to the good offices of Sir Vivian, the irate father consented to receive his daughter, and then, softened by her entreaties, he was induced to take to his son-in-law—on condition only that he abjured his political creed and opposed his own father for a seat in Parliament. To enable him to do this with a better grace, Lord Mauleverer permitted the miner's son to assume the name of Pomeroy. For a time, things went smoothly. Luxmoor got appointed to the living of Llanhowel, where he soon became notorious for his vicious excesses. Sophia was driven to the limits of her extraordinary art of dissimulation to hide the disgraceful acts of this wretch. When Hugh-Helena made her first call upon the new rector, she found the Archdeacon making inquiries into the truth of certain charges, the Reverend Carolus out of the way, and his wife winning the heart and cheating the understanding of the clerical functionary with her dangerous witcheries. No sooner was that worthy's back turned than a scene which our authoress has depicted with great taste occurred.

Sophia made towards one of the outhouses—an uninhabited sexton's, or, perhaps, merely used for the purpose of stowing away tools and lumber. I followed softly on in her steps, and I saw her enter at a door on the farther side of the little building. I was myself then passing an open wooden shutter, set too high to see into the place, but whence any interior sounds were audible. And I was arrested at the spot by hearing Sophia speak in raised and passionate tones, very different from those dulcet ones so lately on her lips! "Come into the house now, vile drunkard! and get to your bed! What a morning of lies and tediousness you have cost me!"

"You tell the lie! I am not drunk! What do you mean by having me shut up here, you —," and the most degrading of epithets from man to woman was applied to Sophia, in the hoarse, tipsy tones of a voice that I instantly recognised to be Luxmoor's.

The rest of the scene is so much in the same style that we must be excused—and our readers will probably have no difficulty in doing that—from quoting it. After this, Luxmoor's conduct became more and more atrocious, until at last he was committed to gaol by Lord Mauleverer upon a gross charge of a criminal nature. Meantime, Sophia had determined to rid herself, if possible, of her husband, and to that end managed to coax herself into the good graces of Lord Mauleverer; the upshot of which was, that that worthy Peer consented to pay the heavy expenses of obtaining a divorce from Luxmoor. We will not recapitulate the details of the proceedings, upon which our authoress dwells with such minuteness; suf-

face it to say, that they did not result in a divorce, principally through the evidence of Scarlett Pomeroy, late Suett, who discerned in the intrigues of Mrs. Luxmoor something likely to injure himself. Although Hugh-Helena's mother was alive, her health was failing, and she could not possibly live long. Were she to die, Lord Mauleverer might possibly marry the ex-Mrs. Luxmoor, and, by the intervention of a male heir, prevent Hugh-Helena from inheriting. The oddest part of the business is, that the authoress appears to consider that the Ecclesiastical Court ought not to have opposed the working-out of this nice little plot on the part of Mrs. Luxmoor, but should at once have let her loose upon the world to entrap whomsoever she was able. The tirade against the Court of Arches for refusing this "justice" to poor, ill-used Mrs. Luxmoor is amusing.

But we must hasten over a few points in the plot, to which it is needful to refer. Sir Vivian has got to be a great soldier, a hero in India. Scarlett, who has assumed the name of Pomeroy, and is a member of Parliament, calls him "that Sepoy" and "jungle fellow." Scarlett's conduct with reference to the Luxmoor trial has caused the incensed Lord Mauleverer to renounce him for ever; and, as Hugh-Helena still holds to her handsome husband, the estrangement between the father and the daughter lasts until the death of the former. Scarlett, however, has made enough political connection to get the promise of the title after the death of the Earl; and when that event occurs he is made Baron Mauleverer—the Crown looking forward to the contingency of a male heir, through the person of Lord Mauleverer's heiress, reviving the Earldom. Sir Vivian is left trustee under the late Earl's will. The new Lord and Lady Mauleverer get into pecuniary difficulties, and there are the usual troubles about raising money upon the wife's separate property. Mrs. Luxmoor assumes a new name, in order to hide herself from her husband, and gets her living by authorship—writing unhealthy books—in fact, just such books as "Mauleverer's Divorce." The Reverend Carolus, now out of gaol, lives maritally with Madame Le Crampon (of all people in the world), and keeps in London "a boarding-house for young ladies." Sir Vivian returns from India; but he appears to have succeeded in divesting himself there of all his old sentiments of chivalry and honour, for no sooner does he arrive than he straightway makes love to Lady Mauleverer. Sophia, now a great authoress, does ditto to both Sir Vivian and his Lordship at the same time. One day, Sir Vivian is found at the feet of my Lady; whereupon my Lord runs off to Paris with the fair Sophia, followed in hot haste by my Lady and Sir Vivian, anxious to prove their innocence. In this, however, they do not succeed—at least, not to the satisfaction of a British jury; for Sir Vivian has to pay thumping damages, and the House of Lords grants a bill divorcing Hugh-Helena and her husband à vinculo matrimonii. At this juncture the amiable Luxmoor very opportunely dies of *delirium tremens*, and Lord Mauleverer is thus enabled to marry his very easily-consolable widow. Poor Hugh-Helena ends, as she began, miserably enough—discarded, despised, and refusing to be comforted even by the eccentric Sir Vivian.

Now, all that we can say is, that if the ladies approve of this way of arguing their "wrongs," they have not much of a case to go upon. The two ladies whose careers form the thread of this extraordinary story did not certainly use what liberty they possessed in a manner calculated to persuade society into letting them have more. If such women as these are to be called "ill-used" because they are restrained from fooling away themselves and their property in favour of the first stout fellow, like Scarlett Suett, who happens to catch their eye, the argument in favour of relaxation appears to be pushed *ad absurdum*; and if the holy bond of matrimony is to be loosened whenever a Sophia Luxmoor finds that it interferes with her designs upon a coronet, the sooner the said bond is declared to be a farce the better. Finally, we may ask the authoress of *Mauleverer's Divorce* whether she has not done a very pretty thing? She has written a work of which it may in strict reality be said that there is not one estimable character or one moral sentiment, from the beginning to the end. Perhaps, however, like poor Sir Peter Teazle, she has good reason to condemn all sentiments.

The Lady of Glynn is, we presume, the work of another authoress. It is a very pleasant, readable story enough, and, if not quite so powerful

in execution as the foregoing, will do infinitely more good. The moral of the tale is that a simple and straightforward performance of the duties of life is ever the wisest and most prosperous course. Nellie Offley is an orphan, left to the guardianship of a Captain Forest, who has married a fashionable Lady Maria—in mistake for her daughter. It was a night wedding at Malta, and Lady Maria, who was "very young of her age," and much in love with the handsome Captain, passed herself off upon him as her own daughter. After this, it is not to be wondered at if the match were an unhappy one. The Captain was dissatisfied, and the mother was jealous of the daughter. You see the authoress will season their dishes highly, even in such a generally-speaking proper book as *The Lady of Glynn*. So Nellie goes to live with Lady Maria, and becomes very fond of her daughter Selina; and there comes home a terrible brother to this Selina, one Glynn—a young gentleman with "very black hair, all waved and curling, after a foreign fashion, and he had a wonderful forehead and great black brows;" but then, 'tis true, he swore before the ladies, and talked contemptuously to his mother, and had a brusque way with him to young ladies. Ah! but he was "an Indian hero" into the bargain, and that might excuse a multitude of faults. So this strange youth fell in love with Nellie, and the way in which he proposed for her was as uncommon as himself.

"Nellie, give me some music," said Glynn, that evening. "When I am about to do a deed of import I like to consecrate it with deep and solemn sounds. Play your best."

When I had finished, he said to his mother, who was lying on the sofa—"Lady Maria, I think I shall marry Nellie."

She raised herself from her cushion, the old glitter came into her eyes, as she answered—"I think you will do a very wise thing."

Glynn came up to me, took hold of my hand, kissed it, making a sort of Sir Charles Grandison bow over it, and said—"Then thus do we sign and seal the contract."

And that was all the proposal. But that would not do for Nellie, so she ran away from this terrible wooer, and Glynn married a great fat Miss Harrington. But when Nellie had had many adventures—more than we can tell of here—she became reunited to Glynn and his wife, and to Selina; and after some more adventures, during which Nellie had many trials—in all of which she of course proved herself to be "the best little girl in the world"—Miss Harrington died, and she married Glynn (now the Lord of Glynn), and was happy.

As our readers will perceive, the story is not much of a story, but it is well told and pleasantly embroidered with pretty little episodes; the characters, moreover, are strongly limned and original; and (with one or two trifling exceptions) the tone and moral are good throughout.

Violets and Jonquils. London: Saunders and Otley. 1857.

THE perusal of *Violets and Jonquils* impresses us with two facts: the first being that it is its author's maiden effort; and the second, that he is a Conservative of the deepest violet die, in whose view all yellow Liberals are absolutely detestable. The simple thread of the narrative leads, as in a great many other cases, to the marriage of three young ladies to three young gentlemen; but we cannot help thinking that this desirable result might have been brought about without going out of the way to prove that all Liberals are either rogues or fools, that the Republican Italians are swindlers, and that Francis Joseph of Austria is a just and clement sovereign, who is beloved by all high-minded Hungarians. The tale, however, is well told, and the characters are drawn with a firm yet sprightly hand. The charming little Leila alone is sufficient to stamp the author as a promising aspirant in this walk of literature, and we hope to hear of him again shortly in some more sustained effort.

The Prisoner of the Border. By P. H. Myers. (New York; and Low, London)—is a romance of the year 1838, when the border warfare between America and Canada was raging. The author is familiar with the localities he describes, his imagination is fertile, and he knows how to work up a description artistically, especially if it be of the melodramatic kind. It is a tale that will rivet the reader's attention, for there is life and truth in it.

Almost; or, Crooked Ways: a Tale. By Anna

Lisle. (London: Groombridge.)—This title is not ill-chosen. The book itself is *almost*, not quite, a success. The authoress writes with more vigour than is usually seen in the productions of lady novelists; but she does not possess the faculty of individualising her characters. They are all class men and women, typical people—abstractions rather than realities. She shines most where she least endeavours to do so—in quiet scenes and pleasant dialogues. Her story is common-place; but that is the fashion now, and the deficiencies of plot are supplied by a moral, which is supposed to procure admission for a fiction to circles where a novel in its true name would be excluded. We can assure young ladies whose papas and mammas prohibit novel-reading that *Almost* is a very agreeable substitute—indeed, we should not discover the difference, save in the size of the type and the single volume, instead of the orthodox three of the circulating libraries.

Another of Dumas's clever novels—*Chicot, the Jester*—has been added to the "Parlour Library," together with Mrs. Thomson's *Carew Raleigh*. We hope to have many more translations from the French and German. There is a rich vein to be explored in the latter language.

Mrs. Trollope's *The Roberts on their Travels*—one of her rich satires on tourists—has been published in the "London Library." Marion Harland's *Moss-side*, another importation from America, has appeared in a cheap form.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

The Cruel Sister: a Tragedy, and other Poems. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Ugo Bassi: a Tale of the Italian Revolution. By SPERANZA. London: Saunders and Otley.

Oran, and other Poems. By A. T. McLEAN. London: Bogue.

The Cemetery. By R. M. BEVERLEY. London: Hamilton and Co.

The Revolt of Hindostan. By ERNEST JONES. London: Wilson.

Healthful Musings for Evening Hours. By E. DINGLE. London: Partridge and Co.

Uriel, and other Poems. London: Chapman.

THE task of the critic has become a difficulty, simply because metre has been made easy. It was remarked of an old poet that his verses were

Sweeter far
Than the downy feathers are.

And we can only suppose that feathers were somewhat hard at that time, since a thousand poetasters have now the ability to smother a reader in the downiest rhythm, which can hardly be said of the poet on whom the couplet was written. The only difference is, that *then* we had intellect, with occasional indifference to the evenness of accentuation; whereas *now* we have the most perfect accentuation, with indifference to the intellect. The obvious question is, With which can we best dispense? It is not a rare or accidental occurrence that imagination, which represents the highest condition of intellect, is suffered to remain unused and uncultured while writers are drivelling over the smoothness of spondee or some other metrical form. Poetry, the dearest and ever youthful child of nature, has in our time found an enemy in the flippancy of art. The mere artist has, with his saucy self-sufficiency, laid aside the creative faculty, for the obvious reason that it is easier to connect ten fingers with ten syllables, if the style of composition be the heroic, than to follow such a man as grand old John Milton, "and draw imperial air." Many of the books which reach us—and some of those which head our present article—have been but a question of fingers, or, to assign them a higher standard, the product of a correct ear. If we take *The Cruel Sister*, *Ugo Bassi*, *Oran*, and *The Cemetery*, we find that they have merit as works of art, but have no inner life, no deep resources of wealth. Like poor bankrupts who hope to save themselves from neglect and from the appearance of poverty, they keep up a respectable exterior. Their metrical smartness is really very imposing; but we know but too well that there is neediness under all this. These are the sort of books which cannot be written down any more than they can be written up, and all that the most friendly critic can say is, that they are respectable. We need more; we need imagination to conceive, and power to construct.

Whether those poets will yet take higher rank we cannot say, but as yet they have only as-

cended the lowest step which leads to the shining temple of fame.

A poem of stronger parts is *The Revolt of Hindostan*, by Ernest Jones. Here we have less of the finery of the man of fashion and more of the brawn and sinew of the gladiator. Stern circumstances dictated this remarkable poem, for remarkable it is for its predictions.

Mr. Jones was imprisoned during a portion of 1848 and 1849 for a political offence, and during that time he patiently wrote this poem, with his own blood, on the leaves of a torn Prayer-Book, writing materials being denied him. With his own blood!—fitting material to describe cruelty and carnage in the past of Hindostan, and strangely prophetic of the crowning miseries of Cawnpore and Delhi! Ernest Jones in his prison could hardly have anticipated the alleged timid conduct of Lord Canning and Mr. Grant, when he said

The Council multiply the camp's alarms.

and the line must therefore be taken as expressing generally the weakness of men placed in critical situations, when weakness is almost a national crime. System-mongers will hardly subscribe to the bold expressions which characterize this poem. Every body who knows Mr. Jones's extreme political views will not be surprised at the objection he takes to "titled school-boys" holding unflinching command in the army, or at the warm sympathy he expresses for the poor soldier who, for the smallest pittance, fights the battles of his country with the infinitesimal chance of becoming a serjeant-major. Such expressions of the poet, which would have been alarming in the days of Pitt, are not wholly offensive to the public ear in the time of Palmerston, when the Crimean war has added its painful recollections. In reading the poetical works of Mr Ernest Jones, it would be unjust to remember, and destructive to remember with acrimony, any ultra political opinions which he may have issued as a pamphleteer. One fact is sufficiently evident to all unprejudiced minds, that in his metrical works the poet and not the politician is dominant. "The Battle Day" and "The Emperor's Vigil" are entirely free from the low cant of the adventurer; while on the other hand the poet rises into the grandeur of the social reformer. There is certainly not so much refinement and elevation of style in *The Revolt of Hindostan* as in the two volumes we have named; but, written under such unfortunate circumstances, it contains less bitterness than any reasonable man could expect. At the present moment this poem, written eight years ago, is singularly connected with present events, which is one reason why it should be read. Another reason is that, apart from coincidences, it contains some really vigorous and manly poetry.

Healthful Musing for Evening Hours, by E. Dingle (we wish authors would write their christian names in full), give us no anxiety as to the judgment we should pronounce. Mr. Dingle, if indeed our guess is correct as to the sex of the author, is perfectly correct in saying that his verses "are small, in a literary point of view." If the author believed he had a mission to provide healthy recreation for the souls of his human brethren, it strikes us that the healthiest process would have been through modest prose, and not through miserably imperfect rhymes. When a man desires to enunciate a religious sentiment, he had better do so without offending that fine perception of melody which is generally implanted in the human ear. It is not in the province of belief to suppose that one sense of beauty can be best awakened by offending any other sense of beauty.

For example:

But in God, the Gracious,
Who draws all my nectar of glory,
Is my delight;
With One (His most precious)
Who gave blood that my sweet story
Might soar to its height.
The gem of His subjects,
I deign to no home of less measure
Than infinity;
His sweet name and rich object,
The power of all His glory, real treasure,
And dignity.

Here the most wretched rhymes and rhythmic contortions are employed to represent a lofty beatitude, and every reader of moderate critical perception will see how sensibly the medium demeans the result. There are also minor faults, which the slightest care and attention might have corrected. If Mr. Dingle has only ordinary sight and hearing, we cannot imagine how he

could have perpetrated glaring disagreement of sounds under the notion that he was rhyming. Take a case:

O'er Biseay's dark green waters,
I sailed in early youth,
Our might prepared for slaughter,
Great Britain's power to prove.

And another:

'Twas the month our third in number,
When wintry storms rush in,
With lightning gleams and thunder,
And the vast Atlantic stream.

A spot in Time's vast ocean,
A ruin of human hope,
The shriek of the winds in motion
Struck a responsive note.

After this, what ought to be the judgment of the court? That in this volume Mr. Dingle is hopelessly bankrupt as a poet, and that he has been recklessly trading in rhyme. Take a third-class certificate, Mr. Dingle!

Uriel is a singular poem, singular in an age when men effect singularity in poetry. It is the most perfect amalgamation of rant, and fine and rich, but not gaudy, descriptions, that we have seen for a long time. The rant we can in some measure overlook, when we see that the author has sterling and active power in his constitution. Besides, rant may be healthful for the lungs; it may expand the organs of respiration, even as a brisk north wind is welcome and wholesome when it disperses a sickly November fog. That the author, whoever he may be, can write with rich and suggestive sobriety, we have ample evidence in the last scene of *Uriel*. In the greater part, however, the author has missed poetry by a very common mistake. By a false notion of what is required of a poet, he has displayed his own learning on abstruse subjects.

Conspicuously you see the man of books—only at intervals you perceive the student of nature reading modestly and simply those lessons which are taught him by every visible object. For all this the author strives to make his characters responsible, and the result is that Dian, a woman, is presented to us so immensely learned that we frequently forget she has womanly emotions. Dian is not a probable, but only a possible character. When she pompously says:

I think we talked
Of forces, quantities, equivalents,
Atoms, attractions, molecules, cohesion,
Number, proportions, aggregation, mass,
Elements, atomic or molecular,
Nuclei, cells, tissue, forms, organization,
Vitality, life, senses, and the rest.

we cannot but think of Amy, the wife of Balder—the gentle Amy, who listened with loving reverence to her husband as he poured forth his wonderful revelations of nature, rocking her babe meanwhile. But the fact of a cradle and a babe in the presence of Dian makes one shudder to think for what mechanical contrivance she may take them, and to what neglect she may consign them. Dian is represented as the "fair pupil" of Melchior, a very scholarly, not to say heavy, man. We doubt whether she can strictly be termed a pupil, since Melchior is not ashamed to admit that the strong-minded woman instructs him. Dian is altogether a very astounding woman, and we can form but a faint notion of what the Americans, despite their present commercial panic, would give to possess her. Barnum would make a new fortune by her in six months. We are told that she can school us about gases, and Silurian rocks, and Sculptured Egypt, and the Zend—that she could explain the Talmud, Timæus, Fichte, and Kant, and lecture on Greek metres, on the Vades, and on the Cymric bards; and last, not least, she could

Sing us songs of heaven
To her own music.

We have not seen the lady's songs, nor heard her sing them, but we may be allowed to doubt her ability to do either excellently. She carries too many heavy guns to sail gaily before the wind of minstrelsy.

But, apart from the characters, which engross little of our sympathies—apart from the obvious egotism of the writer—apart from scientific terms which are not poetic, and proper names which are not euphonious—we see in this poem of *Uriel* the evidence of power. We have already mentioned the last scene—a scene between Maximilian and Dian. Here we glide into the natural atmosphere which sustains life; we have passed the chilling pedantry of the schools, and reached the blissful freedom of nature. Melchior's skeleton interjections, and empty rant about Dian's love, at page 55, is left far behind, and before us

stretches the broad rich land of poetry. This is how Maximilian meets Dian:

I am most fortunate, thus meeting you,
Fair Dian, in the beauty of the even,
In such an hour—an hour that seems your own—
And in these wild, green woodlands, where, in brake
Or bower, one well might half expect to meet
That loveliest of the Greek divinities,
The unreal Dian; and, indeed, I seem
To look but for the crescent.

There it gleams!
Though faint as a remembrance of a dream
Of summer moonlight, of the last fair moon,
Now, when the sky glows so suffused, far up,
With the red sun-disk, with the passionate gaze
Of yon departing, dying, glorious star.
Oh, star of life! that sinkest, wilt thou go
And leave us?—What a sunset! Through the glade,
That opens down the forest depths, with view
Of distant hills, dark gorges, shining alps,
Lo! what a revelation!—all the pomp,
The burning sheen, the burnished blazonry
Of the great day-god's halls.

I see you gaze
Far down the shadowy glade! your thoughts—your heart,
Though haply half unconscious, is afar
Beyond the sunset and the purple hills,
Beyond the crimson cloudband, or alit,
Like a wing'd angel, on some happier land
Than this—some far-off home of memory—far
From this fair scene, or far from me. I fear
I came intrusive on your solitude,
Unwelcome on your musings. Ah, to know
What beautiful fancies in your mind were straying,
As stray'd your slower steps along the brook!

A man who can write thus would have done well in leaving his learning for some other occasion—for some prose venture—learning which only serves to chain him down to the earthliness of the pedant, and which restrains him from soaring, where otherwise he would soar, to the spirituality of the poet.

The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village. By THOMAS AIRD. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. Second Edition.

It is now nearly twelve years since this charmingly interesting and unfeignedly modest little volume slipped into the literary world, like a beautiful country maiden bearing in her hands a basket full of fruits and flowers. The book, wherever it was known, was warmly welcomed, even among many who had no appreciation of Aird's higher genius. In *The Old Bachelor* (if Mr. Aird will not be angry with us for comparing him to a very different character from the aforesaid female or himself) the Giant-dreamer on Mount Ackbeek had shrunk his stature, like the angels in Milton, and thus gained an entrance into the Pandemonium of the public. The new work had no pretensions to the almost Miltonic grandeur, the severe and lofty tone, or the dark imaginativeness of his poems; but it contained elements of more varied interest—quiet rich pastoral painting—a sprinkling of lively anecdotes—some spirit-stirring tales—and much graphic illustration of homely Scottish life. It resembled somewhat Wilson's "Lights and Shadows," but had less mawkishness and exaggeration than some of these sketches—its plan admitted of more variety, and his descriptions of nature, if not quite so powerful, were more true than even the best of Christopher's. Wilson painted with the dashing, savage, lawless force of a Salvator Rosa; Aird, to high imaginative qualities, added all the accuracy and the minute lingering touch of a Pre-Raphaelite. Wilson was chiefly strong in the great and the grotesque; but between these there lies a large, quiet ground of common yet romantic Norland life, of which Aird proved himself lord and master. Wilson was always attempting the pathetic, and sometimes, as in "The Elder's Deathbed," with signal success; but often, too, he failed by straining and overdoing. Aird's pathos, less frequent, was as fine, and more certain in its effects. If Wilson described mountains and thunder-storms better than Aird, the latter excelled him, and all men except Wordsworth, in quieter scenes—in picturing, for instance, an autumn afternoon, a winter evening, or a noonday in summer. In one point both, we think, failed, namely, in constructing a story. Taking them all in all, their genius and their sympathies were kindred, and Aird bore somewhat the relation to his illustrious friend which Fletcher or Marlowe did to Shakspeare.

The time has not yet come for the world doing full justice to Aird's exquisite imagination. His mind is fond of cherishing peculiar trains of association, with which the general public do not sympathize. This is the necessity of many original minds. Too often they write as well as think for themselves, and are appreciated only by cognate and kindred spirits. Mr. Aird will hang over a bush of broom for an hour, as if bound there by chains; but few care to be detained

so long over such an object, and they walk on and leave him alone with his bush. He will linger over a bird's nest, and admire without wearying the round completeness of its structure, the simple ingenuity of its contrivance, the eggs, blue or variegated and streaked, which people the quiet abode with a dim or gleaming beauty, —and will apostrophise it, perhaps, as the Eye of the Moor; but meanwhile the world is hurrying past on its railways, en route for the Alps or the Devil, and the poet and the bird remain in the solitude, both happy, but both by themselves. He will leave Dumfries amidst the shadows of the closing autumn eve, and, as he walks to Lincluden Abbey, will listen to the stream as to a human being, now talking to himself in deep sad monotone, now fretting with some obstacle which interrupts his progress, now returning to chew the cud of meditation in an eddy, now giving a loud and lively kiss to some leafy branch dipping into the stream, now gaily chanting over the pebbles in a broad shallow, and now singing to his work as he seeks to undermine the bank which confines him; and the poet will pause at every point of the progress, and muse over every note of the strain, and will reach the Abbey as the belated moon is rising like a ghost through the eastern window, and holding a torch to show the ruins; and, while there, will note every sound which reverberates through the solitude of the night—the cry of the fox on the hill, the voice of far-off streams, the “hail and farewell” of the leaping fish, and the transient dreamy rustle of the leaves, touched into music by the careless hand of some passing breeze,—and will, in rapt reverie, imagine his mightier brother-bard, Burns, half a century before taking the same walk, and listening to the same melodies. But not many would care to accompany him in such a midnight wandering, and most would allow him to “remain alone with the Night.” Nor is there much sympathy generally felt with the higher themes of his imagination. What cares this cold-blooded selfish age of ours for the wilderness whither Nebuchadnezzar was driven—for “Fez,” where Julian was led captive—for “Mount Acksbeck,” where the Devil lay down, like John Bunyan, and dreamed a threefold dream—for the “green land of Ziph,” where the “Demoniac” was reared—or even for “Frank Sylvan’s” immemorial woods, or for the old quaint village of the “Old Bachelor?” Were he “saying something clever about bend leather,” or recording (invidiously) Nithbank night-talks between himself and Sartor Resartus, or quizzing his neighbours, or doing anything, in short, which his noble and generous nature forbids him to do—he would become speedily as popular as nine tenths of the literary ephemera of the age, and be, like them, quickly forgotten after death, as well as intensely despised, even while greedily read, before it.

In the *Old Bachelor*, Aird has come down as far and as gracefully as a man of his proud and peculiar genius could have done to the cravings of a pampered and fastidious public. He has not indeed sacrificed an atom of the gentleman,

the man, or the poet; but he has condescended to show all his qualities in an easy undress. Here he “babbles about green fields.” There he describes a village innocent. In a third place he steps into a Scottish smithy, and pictures its rare humours. Anon he is away on a summer’s or winter’s walk with the minister of the parish, and finds that every house-door visited incloses a story of tragedy or of fun, of terror or of tears. And always at evening-tide he returns to his own quiet bachelor home, and to his sister “Mary,” whose name seems borrowed from Charles Lamb, but whose nature is derived from the genius of her brother.

The variety of the materials — indeed, the *multum in parvo*—inclosed in the circle of the *Old Bachelor*, is as much to be wondered at as their general excellence. Any clever redacteur of the day, with a spice of the constructive power, could spin out ten or twelve ordinary novels from the mass of characters and incidents contained in this little volume. It constitutes, as a whole, one of those *essential* works so rare and so valuable. Seldom is there a word too much. Seldom is a stroke aimed without telling. Never is there any cant or face-making or figurante-work. You see in every page a friendly, honest, gifted, and Christian man, too friendly to say anything very harsh about his fellow-mortals, too honest to conceal their faults when they necessarily cross his path, too gifted to be blind to every beauty and glory of the universe, but too Christian not to feel that there is “a more excellent way,” and that the World dwindles in the shadow of the Cross.

We could linger long in this “Old Scottish village.” We know not, indeed, where to tell our readers to turn, every street in it is so full of interest. In one you hear the cry—pointing to one of the noblest of stories—“Buy a Broom.” Over another you see resting the shadow, how sublime! of the “Mount of Communion,” with Burns and other marvellous Scottish characters, mingling as ghosts on its summit. Down a third, again, there are the author and the “Minister” soberly strolling towards the country. At the end of the dim vista of a fourth, you behold an “Asylum,” with its strange histories. And, above them all, there shines a glorious lustre, compounded of summer, autumn, spring, and winter lights, with a few shadows indeed interposed, but where the general result is bright and hopeful—a light transferred from a mind and temperament where genius has added to the beauty of Christianity, and where Christianity has mellowed and sanctified the fire of genius.

APOLLODORUS.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The *Dublin Magazine* opens with a spirited and thoughtful essay on France, as a monarchy, a republic, and an empire. Alexander Smith’s poems are reviewed at great length, and with much eulogy. No. 2 of “Our Foreign Courier”

is an admirable sketch of recent French literature. Hugh Miller’s *Geology* is the theme of an instructive paper. Another chapter of the *History of the Castle of Dublin* is one of the best topographical articles we have read for a long time.

Blackwood completes the story of “Janet’s Repentance,” which rather falls off at the close; but it is one of a very remarkable series of fictions. Who is the writer? Bulwer’s “What will he do with it?” is continued, with growing interest.

The *Art Journal* for November gives, of engravings from the pictures in the Royal Collection, Riedel’s “Beauty of Albano” and Danby’s beautiful “Gate of the Seraglio,” which alone is worth twice the cost of the work in which it appears. The illustrations of Mrs. Hall’s “Book of the Thames” are charming.

The 4th part of the *Comprehensive History of England* advances to the year 1214. It is designed to be a history of the English people, and it fully accomplishes its design.

Bentley reviews Horace Walpole’s *Letters*, narrates a *Fortnight’s Sport* in the Highlands, continues Mr. Wightwick’s *Life of an Architect*, and introduces us to the *French Almanacs* for 1858, with some capital extracts from them.

Russell’s Expedition to the Crimea. Part IX., brings the story almost to a close.

The *National Magazine* continues its admirable series of engravings of famous pictures, ancient and modern, with good reading matter. It is the cheapest periodical published, considering its quality.

Routledge’s Shakspeare, Part XIV. has the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, copiously illustrated.

The *Ladies’ Companion* pictures the fashions, and presents some pretty stories and poetry to its readers.

The *London University Magazine* has high aims. It criticises the Early British Bards, Cumberland and the Dramatist, the English Essayists, our Modern Historians, and the Manchester Exhibition. They are compositions creditable to young men.

The *Shipwrecked Mariners’ Magazine* is published by the Society of that name, and details its good deeds.

Davenport Dunn, by Lever, has reached its fifth part, and sustains the promise of the commencement.

The *Unitarian Pulpit*, No. 7, has sermons by Kerr, Armstrong, and Shannon.

The *Helston Grammar-School Magazine* is the product of the pupils of an excellent school in a remote town in Cornwall, and it is very creditable to their ability and taste. The opening paper, entitled “The Natural History of Boys,” is extremely smart and clever. It is of such themes that a school magazine should treat, rather than of lofty ones like “The Classic Writers of Great Britain.”

The *Englishwoman’s Domestic Magazine* has tales, anecdotes, recipes, and an almanac.

The *Boy’s Own Magazine* is a periodical of the same class, from the same mint.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

SOME one has said that a modern epic is impossible. History upon the whole has been written with such perverse truthfulness, that heroes and events cannot be magnified to the proper poetical dimensions. Respectable battles have been fought within living memory, direful scenes have been witnessed, and there has been no lack of heroes; but persons and events have been so closely described, that there is no chance of edging in an innocent fiction. The scribe and the printing press have proscribed the epic. Had there been a Trojan Gazette, we should certainly have learned something about Achilles, Agamemnon, Hector, and other worthies; but we should never have had an *Iliad*, and Homer’s name would have descended to us as that of a respectable or superior dramatist. History must be viewed through a haze—a thin mist like that in which is seen the giant of the Brocken—before it can be translated into an epic. The heroes must not have sitten for their portraits; it is better not to know how they were dressed, where they dined, whether they were haunted by creditors or visited occasionally

with the pangs of toothache. A few salient points is all that is required. We can then give the hero what stature and beauty we will, what strength, what courage. We can arm him with a brazen mace and a buckler having the circumference of a chariot-wheel. In the haze of history we behold prodigies—gods and goddesses deeply interested in the party politics of mortals, and occupying seats in the cabinet. We can make out of history in this condition what we please almost. An epic is a nebulous body, condensed into a star of great or lesser magnitude. It is because he deals with comparatively modern history that we are unwilling to allow Tasso’s beautiful poem, “Jerusalem Delivered,” the title of an epic; the *Henriade* most decidedly is not worthy of the name. Voltaire, in this poem, has written beautiful verses; but his heroes and events are not Homeric. He never makes the heart beat. Sæmund makes us take an interest in the heroes of Odin, beer-drinkers and pork-eaters as they were. He makes of them a rugged epic. Ossian or Macpherson has given us an epic which has been universally admired, but which never could have been produced had there been a

biographer of Fingal. We postulate then a good historical fog, and, behold, at the hands of some clever person, an epic. Say an Esthonian fog rising from the Baltic or the Gulph of Finland. Well, such a fog there is, and out of it has come, at the hands of Kreutzwald, an epic—*Kalewipoeg* (“The Son of Kalewi”). The title certainly is not very euphonic; but the latitude from whence it has been fetched must be recollected.

Many traditions exist in Esthonia, which have been transmitted from mouth to mouth from a period before the introduction of Christianity into that country. Most of these traditions relate to the great national hero Kalew; and some years ago Fahlmann undertook to make a collection of them. It is from this collection that the epic *Kalewipoeg* has been elaborated. Most of the legends respecting Kalewi and his people are in a prose form; a few only have a rhythmical form—the well-known trochaic tetrameter of the Finns, so successfully imitated by Longfellow in “Hiawatha.” The author has blended his materials in a uniform rhyme; but he assures us in his preface that he has neither added to or taken away from the genuine Esthonian legend. He says: “The *Kalewi-*

poet, as it appears in this edition, is throughout, in form and substance, the marrow, bones, and blood of the Estonian people, and not merely in so far as an Estonian production as the editor is an Esthe." The poem first appeared at Dorpat, in 1853. Since then it has been reproduced in the "Transactions of the Dorpat Society of Literature," accompanied with a German translation by Karl Reinthal, which is said to possess great literary merit, and is allowed to be a faithful version of the original, and in the same metre. In the first number of the Transactions, the only one at present issued, there are only three songs; and as nine more are to be expected, it is impossible at present to give an idea of the poem as a whole. We venture to give a condensed account of what we have before us. The epic begins with an "Invocation."

O, vain would I words discover,
Threads to spin in gold and silver,—
Gold and silver intertwining—
Windling them on spools of copper;
So that I a web might fashion,
Where each form should be in motion.
Where exploit should be mark'd boldly,
And the mighty deed embodied.

In the dark womb of the forest,
In the shade of mighty bushes,
Overarch'd by weeping birches,
Lo, there riseth seven death-hillocks,
Mossy graves, so drear and gloomy,
Seven within this mighty forest,
Not maintain'd by proud descendants,
Not adorn'd by hand of friendship,
Not watch'd o'er by eye of mourner,
Not by tender lover cared for.

One conceals the tears of sorrow,
One the fetters of the bondsman,
And the third the fallen hero.
In the fourth there sleepeth hunger,
And within the fifth dishonour;
In the sixth and seventh moulder
Victims of the plague and sickness.

These lines are from a metrical piece which the author or editor gives in its original form, unchanged. He continues, taking up the prose legend, which we give in prose form, to save space.

Once, when I was young and thoughtless, blithely singing while a herding, or at kurni* deftly playing—on the kurni field none bolder—it chanced that I lay down so weary, by the embers in a night-hut, and within the forest slumbered, far from Jani's little village. While I slept, delightful visions rose before me in the night-hut, visions filling me with wonder. I beheld before me heroes, aged men of noble bearing, animating youthful singers, hoary bards and skilful harpers, golden-haired and comely maidens, from the seven death-hillocks rising, all to join the feast of midnight. Scarcely touched their feet the herbage, as they evermore came near me, and, with winks and courteous bearing, pressed upon me, and entreated I might sing them in my slumbers.

Slumber, then, forgotten beings;
Sleep in peace, dejected shadows!
May ye sleep a golden slumber,
Till, the better day arriving,
Ye may wake at fairer dawning—
Wake up in the halls of Taara.

Taara is the proper name of the supreme God, who was called, besides, Old-father (*wana-issa*), the *Altwater* of the Scandinavians. In the first song it is related how, formerly, "Altwater's celebrated son" fell in love with the daughters of earth, and how in this way he begat races of giants, the Kalewids being one. This feature in the legend will bring to mind the passage in Genesis of the sons of God making love to the daughters of men. Kalew, one of three brothers, and the progenitor of the Kalewids, was borne by an eagle to the rocky coast of Esthonia, of which he became the ruler. After some time, it happened that a widow, crossing a cattle-pasture, found a chicken and the egg of a moor-hen, which she carried home with her. The chicken and the egg became two fair maidens, Salme and Linda. Besieged by many wooers, among whom were celestial bodies and elementary spirits, the first-named chose the North Star, and the other the giant Kalew, for husband. The rhapsody dwells rather tediously on the advances made to the two, their answers to the wooers, their bridal, and their touching farewell to their aged foster-mother.

The second song begins with the following lines:

When to sing a song I'm stirred,
And to give free course the torrent,
Through the ancient meadows rushing:
O, then, cord nor line doth hold me,
Holds me no one, hems me no one;
Flies not then the rapid scud-cloud,
Flies not then the sunbeam, fleetest.
To my words doth list the village,
Thoughtful burgers gaze astonished,
And in groups the Saxons listen,
And with envy list the cities.

* The name of a game.

It is then related how Linda, by her marriage with Kalew, begat three doughty sons, of whom the youngest, born after his father's decease, was in every respect the most accomplished: this one was specially called the son of Kalew, and is the hero of the piece.

Where the son of Kalew passes
There the silver streamlet murmurs—
There the heaving billow glistens;
Clouds are driven before the tempest,
Dewy flowerets gaily open,
Birds upon the branches warble,
And the golden cuckoo singeth.

The hoary father had a presentiment of the future fame of this son; but he knows that, according to the decree of the eternal gods, his eyes shall never behold him. He expresses to his faithful wife a single wish, that his possessions may be inherited by one of his sons only, to be determined by drawing lots. Shortly after the old man falls sick and dies. His widow in her grief sheds tears so abundantly that they form a lake. She is then taken by the pains of labour; but by the aid of the supreme God she gives birth to her third son, who, like his two brothers, has a special name. Even in his cradle he gives proof of his strength, bursting his swaddling bands. After the death of old Kalew, many wooers came from far and near to solicit the hand of the rich young widow, but must all depart dissatisfied. She calls to them:

Ne'er again shall Linda marry;
Ne'er the plover, ne'er the moorhen,
With a second mate doth nestle,
Nor the widow swallow buildeth,
Nor the swan hen awn 'gain seeketh,
Nor the turtle turtle chooseth.
What I loved death hath taken;
Deep in grave my treasure lieeth,
Slumbers 'neath the mossy hillock.

The last of all the suitors is Finland's weather-wise sorcerer. He withdraws as the rest have done, uttering threats, but whom Linda, remembering her "sharp-taloned eagle," laughs to scorn. To the rejected it happens, when time has cooled down their ardour, as happened to the fox with the grapes; they call out to their friends in warning:

Dearest friends and dearest brothers,
Make no wooing to a widow,
Take no wife from house of Kalew!
Heavy jewels, buckles, brooches,
All composed of purest silver,
Battle on her wither'd bosom;
Yet her teeth are teeth of iron,
And her words are tongues of fire.
Take no wife from house of Kalew!
Take the wealthy widow, and ye
Take beneath your roof a firebrand!

We continue the exhortation of the disappointed lovers in prose form:

Rather build a ship for wooing, build a bridegroom vessel rather, all with silken sails appointed, silken sails and golden cordage. Go with such a boat a-wooing, let your doughty seamen guide it.

Steer and row, ye sturdy comrades, sail unto the strand of Finland, steer the gallant vessel northwards.

There, upon the rocky sea-strand, stand in ranks the beauteous maidens; in the first the pearl-maiden, in the next the thaler-maiden, on the left the ring-jewel maiden, on the right the gold-band maiden; here and there are hid the orphans, adorned alone with simple corals.

Pass ye by the pearl-maiden, heed ye not the thaler-maiden, and despise the ring-jewel maiden, and the maiden with the gold-bands—let this maiden stand unnoticed—and select the tender orphan, that the simple coral weareth: there thou hast a wife who bringeth dower of joy and honour with her. Wed ye not unto a widow, &c.

The third song introduces the young hero, who obtains powerful assistance from the god of thunder, to revenge himself upon the evil spirits who have mocked and insulted him. A spirited description is given of a storm, which must suffer by a feeble translation.

Rattling drove the God of Thunder,
In his brazen-wheeled chariot,
Over lofty berg and ice-bridge,
Till the fire-sparks leapt out wildly
And with storm and whirlwind mingled;
Crash and roar his fell rush follow'd,
Flash on flash sprang from his right hand.

Then follows a detailed account of a hunt, in which the three sons of Kalew take part. The absence of the youths the powerful sorcerer of Finland avails himself of, to gratify his revenge. He passes hastily across the sea, surprises the solitary Linda, ravishes her in spite of her desperate resistance, and has just reached the Ira-Berg with his booty, when the Thunderer stuns him with a stroke of lightning, and turns Linda into a block of stone, which is still to be seen upon the mountain. The metamorphosis of Linda does not even appear necessary to her

deliverance, and it is not quite obvious why she remains transformed. When the brothers on their return from the hunt miss their beloved mother, they seek for her in vain in every direction, the youngest especially, and with the most profound grief. He calls to his weary brothers who are desirous of rest:

What to-day thou canst accomplish, cast not to the morn aside! Every day hath its own justice, every hour hath its own duty, every sorrow hath its burthen, its own way hath every effort. Would ye use the hour that passes, gain to make or prize to capture, let the moment ne'er be wasted.

Aye the loiterer hath five losses, and who hesitates six dangers, and seven battles must encounter.

He summons his father from the grave, who tells him in what way he shall find his mother. The latter, however, makes herself heard from the grave.

O, my son, I cannot rise up,
Cannot stand up, cannot meet thee!
See, upon my breast it beareth,
On my limbs the hard rock resteth,
On my bier the wild-flower springeth,
On my eyes the hare-bell waveth,
On my cheeks the crimson'd daisy!
May the wind the pathway show thee,
May the gentle westwind guide thee—
Guide thee to the starry heaven!

The youth then goes to the sea-strand, and spies there, in vain, after the lost one or her ravisher.

Billow drives the other billow, headlong to the wild strand; foaming, and against the rock it dashed, and in spray it falleth mightless. But the billow hath no tidings . . . and the stars look down so brightly, brightly on the playful waters; but no tongue among them telleth where the base betrayer harbours.

So is driven on life's billow
Playing thus upon the sea-strand,
Where in cool and golden sunset
Lonely hillock-graves are glowing.
And from heaven the twinkling starlight,
And from heaven the pale moonbeams,
And from heaven the golden sunbeams,
Fall upon the moss-grown hillocks.
But the stars are silent ever,
And the pale moon hath no utterance,
And the sun is ever speechless,
Answer none the heavens giveth.

With these lines the third song closes, and thus far only are we able to give account of the poem Kalewi-poeg—the Son of Kalew.

M. Arsène Houssaye has found time, in the midst of his varied labours, to present to the world his collected poetical works. His book is a masterpiece of typography, and his pretty poems read all the prettier through the joint contributions of paper-maker and printer. "A thing of beauty is a joy," and a nicely "got-up" book is a joy. Nonsense is almost tolerable when well printed, while Wisdom may cry in the streets until she is hoarse if her words are only to be set forth in vile typography. M. Houssaye's book has three fine words upon the cover—*Amour, Art, Nature*—three texts or mottoes, upon which he discourses beautifully. We transcribe one of his pieces—*Les Sentiers perdus*, which it would be shame to mangle by a hurried translation.

Il est une claire fontaine
Qui murmure nonchalamment
Non de loin d'un cabaret flamand.
Le soir, quand l'ombre incertaine
A jeté ses voiles flottantes
Sur la vieille épaule du Temps,
Quand l'abeille rentre à la ruche,
La Flamande portant sa cruche
Y va rêver à son amant.
Son amant, dans l'ombre incertaine,
Vient s'énivrer à la fontaine
Bien mieux qu'au cabaret flamand.

Here we have a ditty that the water-drinkers should have translated and set to music.

Loin du Monde is the title of a volume of verses by a young poet, Agenor Brady. He has the merit of writing coherently; he feels what he utters. He has less art than sentiment, and knows how to throw emotion, like a gentle shower, into the strophes he commences. He begins well, but does not always make a happy finish. His ballad "Mère Jeanne" would have been a little *chef-d'œuvre*, if he had known how to end it. M. Brady has a keen sentiment of poverty; he loves it because he knows it so well; and his charity watches over the poor little fair-haired things, who have so few playthings, and so little bread. M. Brady is a poet from whom better things are expected if he is spared to publish again.

The Emperor of Russia, we learn, has ordered the publication of the large collection of maps prepared by order of the Imperial Government. These maps, which have hitherto been inaccessible

sible to the public, will be engraved and sold at a moderate price. Among others, a map of the Crimea will be published, occupying 93 sheets, on the scale of an inch to a verst. That of Poland will appear on the scale of an inch to three versts, and that of India on the scale of an inch to 120 versts.

FRANCE.

Le Cardinal de Richelieu. Par H. CORNE. Paris. THERE is no country in which the Government so exactly corresponds to the character of the people as France. There is no country, therefore, in which a great man is so completely the mere echo of popular prejudice, the mere embodiment of popular passion. Is not this saying that a great man in France can scarcely be a great man at all? For does not greatness imply the pith, the latitude, the play of individuality? The less, however, their great men are free agents the more the French are disposed to exaggerate their merits, for the very sufficient reason that their flattery of their great men is an extremely ingenious mode of flattering themselves. Bonaparte, though a believer in Fate, was yet less the creature of Fate than any of the gifted ones into whose hands the control of French affairs had fallen. With his Italian imagination and Italian impetuosity, he burst away from that uniformity to which, of all European nations, the French are the most enslaved, and bondage to which in their case has neither the dignity nor the depth of conservatism. Richelieu is the true representative of the French great man. We have no relish for making history over again after God has made it; we have always regarded this as equally presumptuous and unphilosophical. But, even if it were wise and reverent, we do not see, allowing the utmost scope to our imagination, what other course in the main French politics in the reign of Louis XIII. could have taken than they took. There were a thousand yearnings in the French nature, rushing age after age toward unity—yearnings sentimental, moral, intellectual. To satisfy these yearnings a Louis XIII. was just as competent as a Richelieu. The French aristocracy had fallen by no blunders of its own, through no crafty underminings, no potent blows of the French kings. It fell because it thwarted the instinct which, disguised or not, has evermore been the most dominant in the French bosom. How has it happened that in England Aristocracy has advanced while Monarchy has declined? Simply because the English are so eminently an aristocratic people. Aristocracy declined in France and monarchy advanced because the monarch realised the French dream of unity. At the time of Napoleon's disasters the monstrous idea was for a moment entertained of dismembering France. If the mad scheme had tried to shape itself into action, exhausted as France was, she would have found countless Jeanne D'Arcs, countless heroes brave as those that had perished in Napoleon's battles, she would have crowned and consecrated every one of her hills and rocks as a Thermopylae, and the hosts of the invader would have been scattered in her fury. This fanaticism of unity is the strength of France: without it, horribly depraved as she is, she could not keep her grand European place for an hour. Now, Richelieu fed this fanaticism of unity, less perhaps from ambition than because he shared it. The French never invent; and there was nothing inventive in Richelieu's doings as a politician. From the death of Francis I. to the death of Louis XIII. politics in France had been more Italian than French. When Jesuitism is spoken of, it is always forgotten that the subtle Italian genius had in politics preceded, indicated the way to the sombre Spanish genius in theology; though, on the other hand, it may be said that the subtle Italian genius merely applied to public affairs, the casuistry and the sophistry of Scholasticism, Richelieu had not the Italian genius, but in the whole of his public life he used Italian weapons. This gave him, as a statesman, a reputation of originality which he was far from deserving. Charles IX., or rather his mother, was just about as original when planning the bloodiest of the innumerable massacres that have stained the streets of Paris. Our Charles I. attempted to handle the same Italian weapons which were so victorious in the grasp of Richelieu; but from his own clumsiness, more than from the stubbornness of Puritanism, the result was that scaffold which offered to the nations a tragedy whereat earth shudders yet. Faithful to French

unity, wielding Italian weapons, Richelieu brought to his task a quality which few Frenchmen possess—a pertinacious and indomitable will. He had quite as much vanity as the vainest of his countrymen, but he had none of his countrymen's fickleness. It was his persistency of purpose which gave him such immense power over the weak, the wavering, the cruel, the contemptible Louis XIII. Feeble persons like Louis are always conquered—not by threats, not by tricks, not by force, not by courage, but by perseverance. Richelieu's perseverance fascinates us as much as it fascinated Louis. We accept it as the substitute for supreme faculty and a heroic character, as we are forced to let Pitt's daring as a clever political gambler stand for the most exalted patriotism, and the most fertile, sagacious, energetic talent. Richelieu, however, differed from Pitt in one important respect. If Pitt was more a political gambler than a wise and patriotic statesman, he yet seemed to rise to the colossal from having abroad colossal foes. At home, whether in Parliament or out of Parliament, he had really no difficulties to overcome. Richelieu at home encountered something troublesome, but not formidable; abroad, something neither formidable nor troublesome. The Protestants in France were not satisfied with freedom of worship; they wished to be felt as a distinct political power. This lost them the sympathies of Protestants in other parts of Europe, and made it an easy matter for Richelieu to vanquish them. Abroad, what had Richelieu to fear? Germany was wasting itself in the Thirty Years' War; Spain had begun that decay which has for nearly three centuries been proceeding; England was preparing for the conflict in which so much of the best English blood was to be spilt. If Richelieu had been the primordial statesman that the French regard him he would not have given such grudging and niggardly aid to the Protestant party in Germany. The true greatness of France was identified with the complete triumph of the Protestant party across the Rhine. If that triumph had been potentially hastened and helped by French generosity and valour, France's own Protestant subjects would at once have been changed into faithful men; France would have been loved and trusted as a deliverer through the whole of Protestant Europe; complete independence would have been achieved for the Gallican Church, which would thus have occupied the same position in France that the Anglican Church now does in England. The Anglican Church is far from being so national as it ought to be, and as it easily could be; still it is in a very high degree a national institution. As such it has nourished many of the national virtues. Now if there were a Church of France, as there is a Church of England what an immense, what a godlike transfiguration would France undergo! We can conceive of genuine Roman Catholicism only on the Ultramontanist theory. The mongrel thing which floats between Ultramontanist and Protestantism effices the citizen without creating the saint. The boasted Gallican privileges may have been favourable to what Jeremy Taylor calls the liberty of prophesying; but they have been equally favourable to French licentiousness. It is not fair to judge Roman Catholicism otherwise than on the Ultramontanist theory; for the facility of indulgence and absolution which you condemn is here balanced by the thunders that excommunicate and crush. Gallicanism offered with prompt and prodigal hand indulgence and absolution, but had no tremendous fulminations for the workers of iniquity. Till there is a Church of France then, religion in France will always be weak except for evil. A Church of France Richelieu could have built, since Henry IV. was not bold or inventive enough to do so. Let it not be supposed that Richelieu's scruples as a Catholic would have stood in the way. Richelieu was a political adventurer; to gain power or to keep power all means were welcome to him. It is true that, when Bishop of Luçon, he wrote books of devotion: it is true that, when Prime Minister of France, he was punctual even to ostentation in devotional observances: it is true that he always affected to be, even to superstition, a loving and obedient son of the Church. Let not these things deceive us. There are two of Richelieu's deeds which do not come recommended to us by the plea of political necessity. The Italian favourites, Concini Marshal D'Ancre and his wife, had been Richelieu's protectors. Concini was barbarously assassinated by order of Louis XIII., then a mere boy: the wife

was also assassinated in somewhat less treacherous fashion by the headman's axe. For these two cowardly murders the young ferocious king was called Louis the Just. Before the murders Richelieu had written to Concini, expressing his gratitude and his inviolable affection for the favours he had received from him, and from the Maréchale D'Ancre, which had no other foundation, he said, than their goodness. Yet, while the steps to the throne were still slippery with the blood of the Concinis, Richelieu was shameless enough to tread them and assure the king that he had done an act of justice. Richelieu was the author of a work called "The Perfection of the Christian." We know not whether it is taught in that work that you are to march through the gore of your benefactors to the vilest, vastest ingratitude. Still more odious, perhaps, was Richelieu's conduct in reference to the Marshal De Montmorency. In one of Richelieu's chief perils Montmorency, from no love to Richelieu, but from a chivalrous sentiment, shielded him from the malice of his enemies. Subsequently, tempted to be the leader of a revolt, Montmorency was condemned to die. With virtues and, above all, a generosity worthy of his illustrious race he was universally pitied. The most urgent supplications on his behalf assailed Louis from every quarter. Who alone was inexorable? He who could not pardon a crime, because he could not pardon a benefit—Richelieu. As regards political necessity also, how easy it is to plead it when the real motive is personal resentment! We do not agree with the author of this volume that Richelieu was never cruel except for state reasons. Few politicians have been more ready to decorate with the name of state reasons their own haughtiness, their own anger, their own revenge. In the brutal persecution of Urbain Grandier, it is clear that Richelieu was glutting a personal antipathy. Richelieu was a hard worker; but there was one man who worked harder, that was the executioner. Would the executioner have been so busy, if Richelieu's vanity had not been so morbidly susceptible? The French have odd enough notions of glory, as all the world knows. They alone could have had the folly to dream that the reign of Louis XIII. was glorious. Continual plots, continual conspiracies, continual intrigues, continual beheadings, all seasoned with the usual French pollutions. A sadder reign can scarcely be found in French or any other history. Whatsoever Louis's sombreness had not darkened Richelieu's vindictiveness withered. Besides, what was the France for which Richelieu cut so many patrician heads off? It was not the France of the French people. For Richelieu no French people existed. It is absurd to say, as M. Corne says, that as yet the people counted as nothing in political affairs. Two hundred years before Richelieu, Jeanne d'Arc declared that she was driven to seize the sword with which she struck the English down, from the profound compassion she felt for France, that is for the people of France. If the peasant had not been slowly growing into the consciousness of his strength and worth, could she have bounded—an effulgent deliverer from a peasant's cottage? And long after her, was the anxiety of Henry IV. for the abstraction—France? Was it not rather for the welfare of Frenchmen, especially the poorest poor? That Richelieu could not be expected while smiting the aristocratic party to promote liberty in the modern sense of the word must at once be granted. Did it follow, however, that his own superciliousness should be the only law, and the dogma of monarchical supremacy the only inspiration? This is what we miss in Richelieu—the throbbing of a human heart. He was the priest, but he was more the pedant of French unity—pedant of a kind peculiar to France—pedant of the Calvin and Robespierre type. There is a terrible ghastliness about such men. They perform their political and theological thuggery with as much zeal and as little remorse as if it were a grand and beautiful worship. They strangle and they slay in homage to half a dozen crotchets which they have built into a doctrine, and before which all mercy, all moral considerations must yield. Richelieu set himself up as the rival of Pierre Corneille, ignobly trying to injure Pierre, and childishly demanding applause for merest trash. Would he have written either tragedies or comedies if he had suspected what a tragedy of tragedies his career had been? The genuine bigot, the genuine despot, can never work so much evil, is never so wholly to be abhorred, as the genuine pedant. The class of politicians to

which Richelieu belonged is not extinct in France. What is Guizot, what are his followers but political pedants—politely called doctrinaires? Decapitation had fallen rather into disrepute and disuse; but Guizot and the Doctrinaires would have had no objection to its revival. They did what they could in the way of political thuggery, and the result was—the February Revolution. We are afraid that there is rather too much of the Doctinaire in the French mind. What Richelieu, what Robespierre, what Guizot did, some other Frenchman may yet attempt—enthroned a dogma as omnipotence and infallibility totally regardless of France's manifold needs. Why should he not, since the French are almost unanimous in proclaiming political pedantry supremest wisdom. We suffer in England from a political pedantry of a different description; but the pedantry of custom is much less dangerous than the pedantry of dogma. In truth, French national unity is a dogma which begets other dogmas. We have laboured to the utmost of our ability to promote English national unity; but we have wished to see it a poetical fact, rich and various as nature—not as in France, a mathematical symmetry. There are Doctrinaires in England as there are Doctrinaires in France; they have already done much mischief to England, but they will never be as in France, set in the highest places. It is often stated that France is so wretched from sacrificing so much to the democracy. This is a grievous mistake. What is the democracy but the recognition of the individual as such? The recognition, therefore, of boundless diversities, of every possible height and of every possible depth. What is wanted in England is not change in our political mechanism, in the externals of our political constitution, but the overthrow of mediæval or mammonial privileges which are exceedingly injurious in their exclusiveness, without conferring any substantial advantages on their possessors. We plead for this in the name of that conservatism of which so many discourse without understanding: we plead for it in the name of that national manifoldness which is so characteristic of England—of which England has so much cause to be proud, and which should never be forgotten in any political measure by whomsoever proposed, by whomsoever achieved. The most earnest reformers at this moment in England are extremely indifferent to what agitated the heart of England so profoundly five-and-twenty years ago. They have discovered that it is not to political institutions that England owes her greatness, but to a singular, often anomalous, organisation of social life. With that organisation they would not interfere further than to release it from whatsoever hampers its growth and its movements. They would intensify the National through augmented Catholicity—a Catholicity not vague and apathetic, but affectionate, active, fruitful. In realising their noble aspirations, none almost are they disposed to regard as foes but the Doctrinaires who would substitute the pedantry of dogma for the pedantry of custom. They can best defeat the Doctrinaires by showing to what fatal consequences the pedantry of dogma in a Richelieu, in a Guizot, and in so many more inevitably conducts. We wish, however, that our rulers, while eschewing the pedantry of dogma, had more of Richelieu's pertinacious and resolute will. This could raise even a man of limited intelligence like George III. to the verge of greatness; it carried Richelieu beyond the verge. If our politicians should study the life of Richelieu that they may learn to break away from the pedantry of dogma, they should study it that they may learn the grandeur and the victory which come from persistency of purpose. The last of our public men notable for conquering pertinacity were Wellington and Peel. And they alone of public men perhaps, since Pitt, have left a deep and abiding impress of themselves on the soul of England. Strong convictions and a resolute will it is impossible to sever. Wisely, most logically, did an Apostle demand that men should show their faith by their works. A principle is no principle which is so weakly held that resistance is abandoned at the first shock. The cant of compromise is the confession of debility. Those who indulge in that cant are weak in conscience because they are weak in resolution. In the absence of resolution, our public men now and then assume a gallant and imposing attitude. This, however, is in most cases a theatricality; and, whether a theatricality or not, when is it

otherwise than barren? We have all our ideal of what a statesman in England should be: how sage, how patriotic, how just, how merciful! But, yearning for the advent of some mighty one with true regal gifts, how glad we should meanwhile be to welcome a statesman of Richelieu's daring and determination. From want of a vigorous will in British politics, much besides British politics suffers. The politics and the morality of a country influence each other. In the community, as a whole, no less than in politics, what is so striking at this moment as feebleness of will?—feebleness of that without which every heroic virtue dies. There is immense moral danger to the community, therefore, from a continuance of our present political mood. That numerous political reforms clamored for, and deemed urgent, should be obtained now or a few years hence; how unimportant this compared to the universal paralysis of the faculty by which nations are saved and Titanic deeds done. For a nation there can only be one irretrievable disaster—the loss of moral energy. We are nearer that disaster than we think. Our tolerance of statesmen without will is the tolerance of ourselves as nerveless beings.

Though somewhat too favourable to Richelieu, M. Corne has written a book which can be cordially recommended. M. Corne does not belong to the brilliant dashing school of historians and biographers who sacrifice everything to effect. He is calm, conscientious, dignified. He is not, however, free from the French tendency to overrate the influence of France on the destinies of the world. For instance, he is inclined to regard Richelieu as the principal cause of the great English Revolution. Charles I. or his ministers had behaved ill to France or the French minister. Richelieu resented this openly, but far more secretly. The result was civil war in England; the downfall of a throne; the death of a king! To talk thus is to deal in unadulterated idiocy. In that long and earnest battle between Royalists and Puritans what room was there between the camps for the intrigues of a meddling Frenchman? How quickly in the shock of phalanx with phalanx would the Italian weapons of Richelieu have been shivered like glass? We cannot characterise the statement of M. Corne as a respectable lie; it is an arrant absurdity. Never was a conflict so exclusively English as that between Charles and his rebellious subjects. We allow the French to believe that Boileau was a poet—we allow them to sound their own praises in many different ways—we allow them to use big words where the idea is scanty or where there is no idea; but we cannot carry our good nature so far as to efface a sublime combat for royalty and loyalty, for religion and liberty, from our annals to glorify the Cardinal de Richelieu and to gratify French vanity. ARTICLES.

GERMANY.

Culturgeschichtliche Novellen. Von W. H. RIEHL. ("Tales Illustrative of Social History." By W. H. RIEHL.) Leipzig and London.

We have long cherished the opinion that the asseverated difference between the German character and our own is, *au fond*, very trifling—as trifling as our community of origin would lead us, *primâ facie*, to conclude. "The Germans," we are frequently told, with all the emphasis of a contrast, "are men of theory, while we are men of practice—men of thought, while we are men of action!" Well, we accept the double qualification, and the more readily because we hold that the difference between theory and practice—aye, and the difference between the thinking man and the acting man—is precisely a mere surface difference, a difference that meets the "unarmed" eye alone, and vanishes beneath the penetrating glance of analysis. If, in fact, the calculations of the theorist bring out different results from those of the practical man, it is not because there is absolute discord between them, but because certain elements are omitted by the one which are included by the other. As for the distinction between the man of thought and the man of action, we reject it altogether as a popular fallacy—unless, indeed, by the man of thought is implied the indolent dreamer, and the restless, purposeless busy-body by the man of action. But, in the higher sense of the term, the man of well-directed beneficent action is ever a man of thought; and the man of profound, believing thought, ever a man of action. There

are, it is true, certain directions of thought which seem almost entirely apart from action—nay, antagonistic to it: "e.g., metaphysics," interpolates perhaps the reader, "and the students of metaphysics—consequently the Germans—Q.E.D." Stop a little! It was precisely to the Germans and metaphysics that we wanted to come. We believe the distinctive characteristic of the Germans to be identical with that of the English—viz., a pre-eminent cerebral activity. But in the two nations this activity has been forced to develop itself under conditions perfectly dissimilar. The Englishman, thanks to constitutional privileges—for which *vide* Hallam and Creasy—lives essentially *in*, and therefore *for*, the material world. As a natural consequence, his intellectual energies apply themselves to the subjugation and *exploitation* of the matter around him. His thoughts translate themselves into action simply because of this practical direction, and because thought always translates itself into action where it can; and his mind receives its distinctive practical bent because any tendency to deviation is checked at once by a collision with the realities amid which he moves. With our German consins it is precisely the reverse.

By the influence of Governments, absolute in spirit where not in letter, their not inferior mental activity has been entirely shut out from any proportionate sphere of practical exertion. Thus robbed of the material world, the Teutonic intellect turned to the spiritual. Action is denied it, and, of course, it naturally affects most those paths which lead to the shadowy realms of speculation, where action and thought amalgamate into some mystic unity. That importunate logic, which is the general law of the human mind, has here free scope. Its conclusions are never controlled by that collision with reality which gives to our English ideas their practical character. Hence, and (we believe) hence only, the mysticism and indistinctness, the fine-spun theory and the painfully subtle dialectic, the bewildering profundity and flickering outline, which characterise the creations of German intellect. A school of dreamy Past-worship, such as that founded by the Schlegels and Stolberg—a philosophy built upon mere verbal dialectics, such as that elaborated from the brain of Hegel—could never have sprung up, most certainly could never have pervaded every manifestation of the national mind of England, as was the case in Germany, unless England had been placed in similar social conditions. Had this been the case, we are inclined to believe that our intellectual development—craving expansion, and only permitted it in one direction—would have been no less mystic and metaphysical than that of our cousins has been. There are symptoms rife enough around us of mystic tendencies—and that too, if report says true, among our most practical men—to warrant such an hypothesis. And we think we can trace, in present Germany, no dubious indications that a converse conclusion may fit her well. A school, to be lasting, must have some deeper basis than mere sentiment, and the Past-worship of the Romantics had no deeper. The German Governments themselves contributed, by their want of faith, to mine this school, so aristocratic in its sympathies. A democratic literature began gradually to mutter opposition, and the Revolution of 1830 found the germs of the "Young Germany" school ready for fecundation. The characteristics of this school are, as was to be expected, antithetical to those of the school it has supplanted. With it the Real occupies the pedestal before filled by the Ideal; and this rehabilitation of the material world is the merit, the "mission," of Young Germany. She has, undoubtedly, pushed the antithesis too far—rejected where she should have conciliated, and "lumped" the pure gold and the dross in the same condemnation. But such is the inevitable course of things here below, whether in public or private relations. Excess in one direction ever provokes its opposite excess. It is not before both have run their course—have developed their premises (and at times how fearfully) *usque ad absurdum*—that middle and conciliatory views can gain attention. Then the hostile camps are converted from foemen to the knife into simple armies of observation. The outposts occasionally meet and shake hands. A process of reciprocal modification soon begins, and each party gradually takes something of the character of the other. This is pretty well the stage into which the German intellect has now entered. She has entered it, too, under auspices which hold out good promise of a sound and

lasting result, under the auspices of social and material progress. The universality of military service, with its physical and moral training, the stimulative experiences of 1843, the vast developments of industry and commerce, have given to the German citizen a sense of self-reliance and an enhanced estimate of material value, which are most perceptibly influencing the tone of national thought. Germany's literary creations are daily becoming more substantial—daily assuming a closer resemblance to flesh and blood—daily growing more pregnant with promise of action. Very manifest, too, is the working of the conciliatory process above touched upon. The old romantic school has entirely lost its once deep hold on the national mind. In its primitive form it may be said not to exist, save amid a few small exclusive circles where class-prejudices yield a congenial atmosphere. Elsewhere it finds disciples only on condition of liberalising its views, and making many concessions to the spirit of the age.

A not unattractive illustration of this latter phase is supplied by the work before us. Its author, Herr Riehl, was originally (like so many men of note in Germany) connected with a Bavarian newspaper, of somewhat retrograde principles, to whose pages he has contributed many a brilliant article. The tendency of the day to the study of social questions could not escape the attention of the facile *feuilletoniste*, who catered to it by the production of a work bearing the ambitious title "The Natural History of the People"—remarkable as having dressed up the doctrines of the *Kreuzzug* party in the brilliant colours and volage style of young Germany. "The voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hands are the hands of Esau." That this work should have achieved a rapid reputation, and that the King of Bavaria should have deemed it a sufficient claim for a pension, are facts easily explained—the latter by the aristocratic tendencies of the author as above mentioned. As for the former, its popularity, the perusal of a single chapter might elucidate it. Herr Riehl's intellect is cast much more in the Gallic than in the Teutonic mould. To that dimmy appearance of depth, so flattering to superficial minds by suggesting a faith in their own profundity, "The Natural History of the People" joins a light easy style, a tendency to clever paradox, and a frequent use of picturesque illustration.

Of the illustrative portion of the book, the work before us may be considered an expansion. The dominant impression it skilfully conveys is the superiority of "the good old times," whose characteristic manners and morals are presented to our view in a series of lively and interesting *tableaux de genre*. "Romance," affirms our author, "follows in the footsteps of history; the novels and the historical productions of an epoch throw on each other reciprocal light. The task of the historical novelist consists, to my mind, in making characters of his own free choice move, with their passions and their conflicts, amid scenery supplied by the social condition of a given epoch. The scene then is historic, but the personages who occupy the foreground are the creations of the novelist's crayon; although occasionally, in the nooks and corners of special history, we may light upon plots and heroes who lend themselves to the handling of the romance writer, without any danger of his poetic liberties offending the historic conscience." Such is the theory—unquestionably a just one—which has guided Herr Riehl in the composition of these tales. He selects his heroes among old family traditions, received from the lips of his own grandfather; or he finds them in obscure biographical dictionaries or ancient monkish

chronicles. These heroes he presents to us in some phase of their existence best calculated to exemplify the social tone of the epoch chosen, and the picture is filled in with an historic background of elaborate but discriminating detail. The compositions generally evidence, in their harmony of colouring, and especially in the just perspective in which principal and accessory are placed, a superior artistic sense. Some of them—and particularly where music is the theme—are written with a flowing genial facility, which has a peculiar charm. Neither must we omit to do honour to their healthy moral tone, and the purity of the female figures introduced. *Du reste*, while decidedly above mediocrity, these tales cannot be said to evince genius. They seemed to us to merit this rather lengthy notice more from the phase of German intellect which they illustrate, and the novel conciliation of the style of one school with the principles of another, which characterises their author's literary position, than from any prominent excellencies of their own.

As the volume is of that manageable form and substance which invite speedy translation (it would be well adapted for the "Railway Library"), we refrain from extracts.

ITALY.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

STUDIO OF THE LATE MR. CRAWFORD.

Rome, Nov. 7.

It is with melancholy interest that one now visits the well-known studio, beautifully situated near the baths of Diocletian, of the truly great artist Thomas Crawford, of the United States, whose career of promise and successes has recently been closed by premature death, after long and painful illness. An outline of his life has already been published; and those who had the pleasure of knowing him personally will long remember the brilliant qualities, the humour and inventive wit, which made him an entertaining and valuable addition to society wherever he appeared, unspoiled by fame, affable, unpretending, and of manners remarkable for manly simplicity. I have seen him at work in his studio; I have seen him sustain Shaksperian characters in private theatricals, and improvised ones in acted charades. On one occasion, I remember, when performances of the latter description were prepared for an evening's amusement, the actor whose vivacity and readiness, in a series of parts all left to his own invention, formed the very life and secured the success of the whole entertainment, was Mr. Crawford. At the studio which I have just visited—never more to be animated by the presence of the directing mind—I found assistant artists engaged in finishing the marble from various models left by him; and almost all his works may still be seen here, in plaster or marble. Their character is boldly original, without any adherence to prescribed forms of beauty, and, especially in subjects intended to illustrate American nationality, romantic, full of poetic fervour and the enthusiasm of liberty. In his portrait statues the costumes of the day are invariably adhered to, and the contemporaries of Washington appear in the long waistcoats, small-clothes, and stiffly arranged hair, precisely as fashion then ordered. In the few Scriptural subjects he has treated—Herodias with the head of St. John, and the triumph of David over Goliath—is an Oriental character strongly marked. Among poetic subjects his most generally admired group is the *Children in the Wood*, a very affecting composition, representing the two forlorn ones asleep in each other's arms—in that

sleep which will evidently be their last—with an admirable union of the innocent loveliness of childhood and the tragic expression suited to the mournful story. From many eyes might tears be drawn by such a group as this. *Orpheus seeking Eurydice in Hell*, the first work that gave reputation to the artist, is also here: it has an impassioned expression that sufficiently announces genius, but is far surpassed by others of his mythologic subjects—most beautiful among which is the *Flora*, a figure that seems almost to float in air, only the point of one foot touching the ground as she hovers in joyous gracefulness, her draperies flowing to the breeze in many a wavy fold, approaching the earth to scatter flowers over its surface. In his children the artist is remarkably truthful and felicitous; without straining at an ideal of beauty proper to the age, he renders with perfect *naïveté* that which pertains to the movements of mind and feeling at this period of opening life—as displayed particularly in one group, a little boy showing a nest of young birds to his sister. Entering the studio now, the object that first arrests attention is a colossal figure of America (intended, I believe, for the Capitol at Washington), dressed in a long tunic and mantle descending from the shoulders to the feet, with a border of pearls and a deep fringe; the head encircled by stars, and crowned by a fantastic crest of feathers; the large features and starting eyes are quite beaming with restless life, the exuberance of passion and energy. Well does this figure embody the ideal of the great New World—republican, speculative, and daring. I am sorry to find that only four of the colossal figures for the Washington Monument, to be erected at Richmond, Virginia, have been left finished; and it will be, indeed, a difficult and delicate task, if the American Government wishes to intrust to another artist the completion of Crawford's design. Those he has finished are, the Washington on horseback (which has been cast in bronze at Munich), Jefferson, Henry, and Mason. The two former I have already described in your pages, but may again notice the enthusiastic fervent life in the figure of Henry, who looks the very Apostle of Liberty, standing with outspread arms, as if addressing the multitude in some burst of eloquence to stir the souls of thousands. Mason is represented with a pen and volume, as the profound statesman, calmly high-minded, and full of responsibility. The other portrait statues included in the design are Marshall, Lee, and Allen, and on basements rising from the steps that are to surround the substructure are to be six eagles. The sculptures for the pediment of the Washington Capitol are intended to illustrate the nationality and story of the United States, their subjects much contrasted, and presenting various aspects of society, with most original and forcible treatment. An Indian is represented seated on the skin of a wild beast, his axe on the ground beside him, his head bent mournfully forward over his knees as he seems to bewail the advancing triumphs of the civilisation before which his race must yield and vanish. A young coloniser, who wears nothing but pantaloons and shirt, is represented felling with an axe the trunk of a forest-tree, every muscle strained in the task; and a freshness of energetic life in this figure renders it one of the most remarkable in the series, and most characteristic of the artist's genius. In others of these sculptures for the pediment are typified such social institutions and enterprises as belong to the history of a great people—education, commerce—and even the local forms of Nature, seen in a cluster of gigantic plants and reeds, from whose stems a huge serpent uncoils itself to dart at its prey. C. J. H.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

THE Council of the Royal Society have been deliberating upon the subject of employing their annual surplus (which upon an average may be taken at 500*l.*, arising from subscriptions alone irrespective of their other sources of income), in some way more beneficial to the interests of science and of the society itself. The yearly average of subscriptions is 2884*l.*, while the expenditure is only about 2374*l.*, and the accumu-

lation of the surplus over a number of years now amounts to 29,518*l.* stock, bearing three per cent. The question whether the annual surplus could not be better employed than in mere accumulation. The number of fellows on November 30, 1856, was 661; in 1847 it was 764—showing thus a decrease of 103 in the nine years.

From the month of June last down to the present time five new planets have been added to the previous list of those lying between Mars and Jupiter, making the total number now no less than 49. Two new comets have also been dis-

covered, being Nos. IV. and V., 1857. The forty-fifth of the group of minor planets was discovered by M. Goldschmidt, at Paris, on June the 28th; the forty-sixth, on the 16th of August, by Mr. Pogson, at the Radcliffe Observatory; the forty-seventh, by M. Luther, on the 15th of September; and to M. Goldschmidt, at Paris, is due the discovery of the forty-eighth and forty-ninth, on the 19th of September. The forty-eighth resembles a star of the 11th magnitude, and the forty-ninth changed in brightness from 10 to 11-12 magnitude. The new comet, IV., 1857, was dis-

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covered by M. Dien, at the Imperial Observatory, Paris, on the evening of the 28th of July. This was also discovered independently, at Gotha, by Professor Habicht: at the time of its discovery the diameter was about 3'; but it appeared of a loose, uniform structure, and very faint. Also it was discovered independently by Dr. Peters, at the Dudley Observatory, in Albany, U.S. The comet was exceedingly faint, and without visible nucleus. Comet V., 1857, was discovered by M. Klinkerfues, at Göttingen, on the 20th of August. The elements calculated by Dr. Bruhns have a distant resemblance to the elements of Comet III., 1790, and Comet I., 1825.

At the opening meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of the season 1857-8, the interesting announcement was made of the publication of Dr. Livingstone's work recounting his travels in Africa. In geographical science this may be reckoned the most remarkable feature of the year, affording as it did a clear insight into the character of the countries traversed, the manners and customs of the natives, with the physical features, commercial resources, natural products, and other information of the parts visited—the work being especially valuable to geographers, as all the points had been determined by astronomical observation. Some additional notes were presented at the meeting of the North Australian Expedition under Mr. A. E. Gregory, by Mr. Baines, the artist of the expedition. The Gulf of Carpentaria (the base, if it may be so termed, of these explorations) has been suggested as a very proper place for Hindu transportation, relative to the question being raised as to what is to be done with the remnant of the Indian mutineers.

The important point of lighting mines with gas occupied the attention of the members of the Institution of Civil Engineers at the opening meeting of the association. The paper by Mr. A. Wright commenced by noticing the universal introduction of gas for the purpose of illumination, and suggested its adaptation to the lighting of mines, since the present mode of using tallow and oil lamps was found to be prejudicial to the health of the miners, at the same time that the light was inadequate. The expenditure for oil and tallow in the mines of England had been roughly estimated at 500,000*l.* per annum. 30,000 men are employed in Cornwall and Devon alone under ground, who were lighted at an annual expense of 90,000*l.*, and the yearly expense for candles in one of the mines amounted to 7000*l.* In making the experiment of introducing gas, the Baleswidden mine was selected, where the depth of the shaft was 780 feet, branching out into several levels and tramways; the gas was made at the surface, and forced down under a pressure equal to 18·7 inches of water. On comparing the expense, the annual cost of candles was estimated at 834*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*; while by the use of gas the cost, including all expenses, amounted only to 487*l.* 2*s.*, at the same time that the ventilation was better, and the sanitary condition was visibly improved, and a saving of 50 per cent. was effected at least: it has been thus proved that gas could be satisfactorily introduced into all other mines, and probably ultimately to coal mines.

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

MESSRS. JOHN PHILLIP and George Richmond have been elected Associates of the Royal Academy.—Messrs. Maull and Polyblank's latest additions to their photographic portraits of living celebrities comprise Cardinal Wiseman and Lord Brougham, with short memoirs by Mr. Walford.—The eighth marble group on the Schloss-Brücke, at Berlin, "Nike carrying the dying Warrior up to Heaven," by Herr Wredow, has recently been unveiled, and the decoration of the bridge is thus complete.—The statue of the Elector of Saxony, Johann Friederich der Grossmüthige, which is to be erected next year at Jena, in honour of the third centenary jubilee of that University, has been cast with perfect success at the iron-foundry of Lanch-hammer.—The first of the colossal statues which is destined to ornament the cathedral of Speyer has been most satisfactorily placed in its niche above the principal entrance. It is by Herr Gasser, and represents the Virgin Mary with the infant Jesus in her arms. The statue is a beautiful piece of sculpture, and worthy of Herr Gasser's well-known and fully recognised powers both of conception and execution.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

NEW MUSIC.

Jephthah, arranged by John Bishop, has been added to the series of Handbooks for the Oratorios, published by Messrs. Cocks and Co. It contains the vocal score, with a single accompaniment.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

HERR Molique is understood to have almost completed the Oratorio on which he has been for some time engaged.—Berlin has sent some of its supernumerary musicians to Tiflis, where they form the orchestra of a theatre, and are said to earn a deal of applause.—Madame Goldschmidt has reconsidered her farewell intentions by singing at Leipzig.—Signor Piatti is making a concert-tour in Germany, which leaves us poor during his absence in the first-class violinists.—Signor Lablache's health has improved.—Mademoiselle Rachel, who was thought to be at death's door some months ago, is not only still alive, but all hopes of saving her are not abandoned. Her present medical adviser, Dr. Bergonier, has addressed the following bulletin to a Marseilles journal:—"Au Cannel, Oct. 31. Since the 27th, Mademoiselle Rachel's health has slightly improved; she coughs and expectorates less and breathes easier. Her pulse is at 96. Her appetite is far from being as good as could be wished, but her state seems to be less dangerous than it was."

LITERARY NEWS.

HERR ARNETH of Vienna is writing a history of Prince Eugene of Savoy, which will contain much new and interesting matter. The first volume is ready.—Lord Palmerston has given a pension of 30*l.* a year to Mrs. Miller (mother of the Cromarty geologist). He has also granted a superannuation pension of 40*l.* a year to the Bideford postman and poet, Edward Capern.—Dr. James Ogston has been appointed Professor of Logic and Medical Jurisprudence in Marischal College in the University of Aberdeen.—The Rev. Frederick Temple has been elected Head Master of Rugby School.—Dr. Preuss, the editor of a medical journal in Vienna, has been commissioned by the Austrian Government to make a journey in the East. The objects of his undertaking are both medical and scientific. He proposes to set out next month.—Admirers of Johnson and our antiquarian readers will be gratified to know that the Johnson relics, from Inner Temple-lane, which were sold a few weeks since as old materials, at, in fact, a nominal price (we believe under 20*l.*), have been secured for the Crystal Palace Company, and are now, after being carefully marked under the inspection of an experienced architect, housed in the north wing of the building, ready for re-erection in the grounds of the palace.—According to a letter from Madame Ida Pfeiffer, dated Tana-nariva (Madagascar), June 23rd, and communicated by a Trieste paper, the well-known traveller was very happy there, and highly content with her reception. On the day previous to her writing, she had been summoned to court, to play on the piano, which she had done with so much success that the Queen sent her a quantity of fowl and eggs, as a mark of her satisfaction.—An obelisk is about to be erected to the memory of Dr. Adam Clarke, the Bible commentator, by J. J. Clarke, Esq., one of the members of Parliament for Londonderry, at Portrush, on ground given by the Earl of Antrim, the lord of the manor. Close to the site is a school founded by Dr. Clarke, the old schoolhouse still remaining, and well attended by the children of the neighbourhood.—The monument to that heroic man of science, the late Assistant-Surgeon Thomson, of the 44th Regiment, is now complete. It is a granite obelisk, 65 feet high, comprising a shaft finely polished, and a base on which are inscribed the deeds of him it records, and three steps. It stands on an elevated hill at the western extremity of Forbes, a place made best known by "Macbeth." It will not soon be forgotten how Surgeon James Thomson, after the battle of the Alma, when the British were leaving the field, voluntarily remained behind with 700 desperately wounded Russians, 400 of whom he succeeded in restoring. He contrived to escape the dangers which menaced him throughout his stay, but died shortly after, from the effects of hardships and privations.—At the first meeting of the Royal Institute

of British Architects, held on Monday last, there was exhibited a rubbing of the brass which has been prepared as a memorial to the late Mr. John Britton, the author of the noble series of works on the cathedral and mediæval antiquities of England. It consists of two angels under a canopy, holding a scroll on which is an appropriate inscription; and around the whole is an ornamental border, containing in it a verse from the 48th Psalm,—"We have thought of Thy loving kindness, O Lord God, in the midst of Thy temple." The brass has been executed by Hardman and Co., and will be inserted in a slab of marble.—Mr. Steell's statue of the late Lord Melville was finished some time since, and the pedestal in Melville-street, Edinburgh, being also ready for its reception, it was on Thursday raised to its place, and displayed to public view on Friday afternoon. The statue, which is in bronze, and measures nearly twelve feet in height, is designed to commemorate Lord Melville's exertions in all measures connected with the county, and his general worth and amenity as a country gentleman, rather than as a public man in any more extended sphere.—The Royal Society is contemplating a Catalogue of all the papers on mathematics and physics which are scattered through the Transactions of scientific Societies and the periodical journals. Such a thing is wanted.—In the last sitting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, a letter was read from Lieutenant Maury, Director of the Observatory of Washington, announcing that in the night of the 4th October a small planet of the eleventh magnitude was discovered by Mr. James Ferguson, of that establishment. M. Le Verrier remarked that it was probably the same planet as that which was discovered on the 19th October by M. Luther, of the Observatory of Bilk, near Düsseldorf.—A Paris correspondent of *Le Nord* says that the French Ambassador in London has just sent to Paris the library of historical and other literature which was purchased in this country during Napoleon's captivity at St. Helena to be sent out there for his use. It seems that the books were not actually dispatched when the death of Napoleon was announced, and they have remained packed up here ever since. The existence of this library had been forgotten till our own Government was reminded of it recently, and immediately ordered it to be sent to Paris.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

LYCEUM—*The Rose of Castille*; an opera in three acts, by W. Balfe, Esq.

ALTHOUGH I do not think that *The Rose of Castille* is likely to attain to anything like the same degree of popularity as "The Bohemian Girl," it is certainly a work which does infinite credit to Mr. Balfe's genius. Perhaps in some respects it possesses a marked advance in taste, if not in originality of conception; for, as the former works of this composer have been distinguished by a few sprightly and taking airs, which have caught the public ear, and have speedily spread over every barrel-organ in town, whilst the rest has been, for the most part, remarkable for little beyond the absence of faultiness—the *Rose of Castille*, on the other hand, displays a more level excellence, a more perfect continuity of thought, and consequently a nearer approach to perfection as a work of art. It is not true that the popularity of an air is a proof that that air is worthless—on the contrary, some of the most charming airs in the whole realm of music are, at the same time, the most popular; but, when nothing can be remembered of an opera beyond a few taking catches, such as the commonest ear can acquire at once, it may be fairly assumed that the composition, as a whole, is common-place.

The plot of *The Rose of Castille* is not very complicated. The curtain rises upon a group of Spanish peasants, dancing and singing a jovial chorus—"List to the gay castanet." To these enter what appear to be a peasant-girl and a youth, but who are really Elvira, Queen of Leon, and her maid of honour, Dona Carmen. The announcement by a servant that "the 'ot viands are served" causes the peasants to suspend both dance and song, and the stage is left clear for Queen Elvira to explain that she and her maid of honour are enjoying "a romantic, delicious adventure," and that she has assumed this disguise in order to outwit the Infant of Castille, whom fate has intended for her future husband. She has received

intelligence that this young gentleman intends to visit her in some disguise, in order that he may form an opinion before closing the bargain—a mode of inquisition which she, being “a female of spirit, and especially a queen,” is determined to resist; and accordingly she intends, by means of her disguise, to discover the Infant before he can discover her. When this has been properly explained, enter the innkeeper and his servants to press the wayfarers to take some “repast.” The ladies refuse; whereupon the hospitable innkeeper and his servant becomes very pressing; and then enters Manuel, the muleteer, whose long whip soon puts the rude varlets to flight. Manuel sings a very capital song, informing the company that “I am a simple muleteer,” upon which Queen Elvira recognises in him the disguised Infant of Castille. A scene of love-making then follows between Manuel and the supposed peasant girl; the former makes a declaration of love, sings a pretty song, beginning with “Couldst thou, dear maid, thy form array,” to this there naturally ensues a duet, and altogether the maid and the muleteer are getting on very well together, when Don Pedro, the Queen’s cousin, and two of his friends, Don Sallust and Don Florio, enter. Elvira runs off, but not before her resemblance to the Queen has been noticed. Now it appears that this Don Pedro and his friends are plotting against the Queen of Spain with the view of elevating the former to the throne. Animated by these hopes, they order a bottle of wine from the inn, and sing a drinking song—“For wine’s sake and love,” to an air which, good though it be, is suggestive of neither wine nor love. When Elvira returns to them, the likeness between her and the Queen strikes them so forcibly that they insist upon taking her to Court, Don Pedro having devised a plan for making use of her should the Queen refuse to accede to his wishes.

The second act finds Elvira, now Queen of Leon, in her palace. It opens with a chorus of conspirators headed by Don Pedro. Poor Don Florio is in a terrible state, for the peasant girl, who has been confided to his hands, has escaped. Enter the Queen and all her court; enter also subjects with petitions; enter also Manuel, whose astonishment at finding the Queen of Leon identical with the village maid, is unbounded. He seeks a private interview with Elvira, declares that he recognises her, and refuses to credit her denial of identity with the rustic beauty. The mystification gives occasion for the prettiest scene in the opera, in which the puzzled persistence of Manuel, and the merry bantering of Elvira and Dona Carmen, are pleasantly contrasted. Manuel, however, has discovered a plot, whereby Don Pedro hopes to gain possession of the Queen on her way to Leon, intending to immure her in a convent unless she will marry him or abdicate her crown in his favour. By the simple ruse of dressing up one of her ladies in her crown and robes, Elvira escapes this danger for a time, and, resuming her peasant garb, again puzzles Don Pedro, until the discovery of the trick which has been played upon him opens his eyes to the fact that the peasant-girl is really the Queen. He now changes his tactics, and, affecting to be still deceived, insists upon Elvira marrying the muleteer. To this she consents, and the act ends with the marriage of the Queen of Leon to the “simple muleteer.”

The third act opens with a comic scene between Don Florio and Dona Carmen, in which the former proposes to, and is accepted by, the latter. Then comes a more serious scene, between the Queen and Don Pedro, the latter insisting upon her abdication, because she has degraded herself by marrying a muleteer. A scene before the Council, the discovery that Manuel the Muleteer is no other than the King of Castille, and the consequent confusion of the conspirators, brings the story to a close.

The manner in which the different parts were sustained was satisfactory throughout. Mr. Harrison both looked and sang the part of Manuel nobly, and earned several well-deserved encores. Perhaps, of all his songs, those which pleased me most were “I am a simple muleteer,” and “’Twas rank and fame that tempted thee.” Miss Louisa Pyne, as Elvira, was charming, and too much praise cannot be awarded to the manner in which Miss Susan Pyne acted the part of Dona Carmen. What little singing belongs to that part was also most creditably executed by that young lady. The double encore which these three gained in the charming scene in the second act was

fairly earned. Mr. Weiss, as Don Pedro, was grand in air and magnificent in voice, constantly sharing with Mr. Harrison the admiration of the audience. Last comes Mr. Honey, in the buffo part of Don Florio. Remembering this gentleman only as an excellent comedian, it is with delight and astonishment that I greet him as one of the most successful singers in this walk whom I have had the good fortune to meet with. His acting was rich and humorous beyond all description, and his execution of the music most artistic.

In bidding farewell to *The Rose of Castille*, it would be unjust not to say a word in praise of the splendid orchestration of which it enjoys the full advantage. This it owes to the perfect conducting of Mr. Alfred Mellon, and the excellent band which he has got together. Smaller than that over which Costa presides, it is, in my opinion, infinitely better balanced. In a word, the instrumentation is perfect. JACQUES.

OBITUARY.

CLARKE, Sir Arthur, M.D., on the 9th inst., at his residence in Dublin, aged 63. He was author of several successful works on the application of iodine in tubercular consumption, to which malady he devoted much of his attention. He married the sister of Lady Morvan, and all who knew Dublin twenty-five years ago remember that the genius of the one lady and the accomplishments of the other made their houses the resort of all that was most intellectual and pleasant. Sir Arthur himself, though he did not affect to be a literary man, was a most obliging gentleman, and willing to aid and help all literary inquirers.

KNAPP, Dr., of Edinburgh, a naturalist of some repute, died on Sunday last. He was the author of a work on the British grasses, and gave much attention latterly to the cultivation of roses. He was also zealously interested in conchology, and possessed a valuable collection of shells.

LABUS, Signor.—The Lombardy papers announce the death of the sculptor Signor Labus, who was celebrated both as an artist and as a man. He founded at Milan a gratuitous school for instruction in the plastic arts, which has proved of the greatest value to the afflicted inmates.

MACKAY, Mr., the Scottish actor, whose celebrated personification of Baile Nicol Jarvie obtained the warm approval of Walter Scott, died last week at Edinburgh. *The Courier* says of him: “The histrionic talents of Mr. Mackay were unanalysed by any unworthy admirer. His reputation as an actor was well sustained by his character as a man, and secured for him the affection and esteem of a very extensive circle.”

NASMITH, Robert, Esq., M.D., late of 49, Brook-street, London, on the 8th inst. at 5, Charlotte-square, Edinburgh. He was the second son of Robert Nasmyth, Esq., F.R.C.S.E.

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